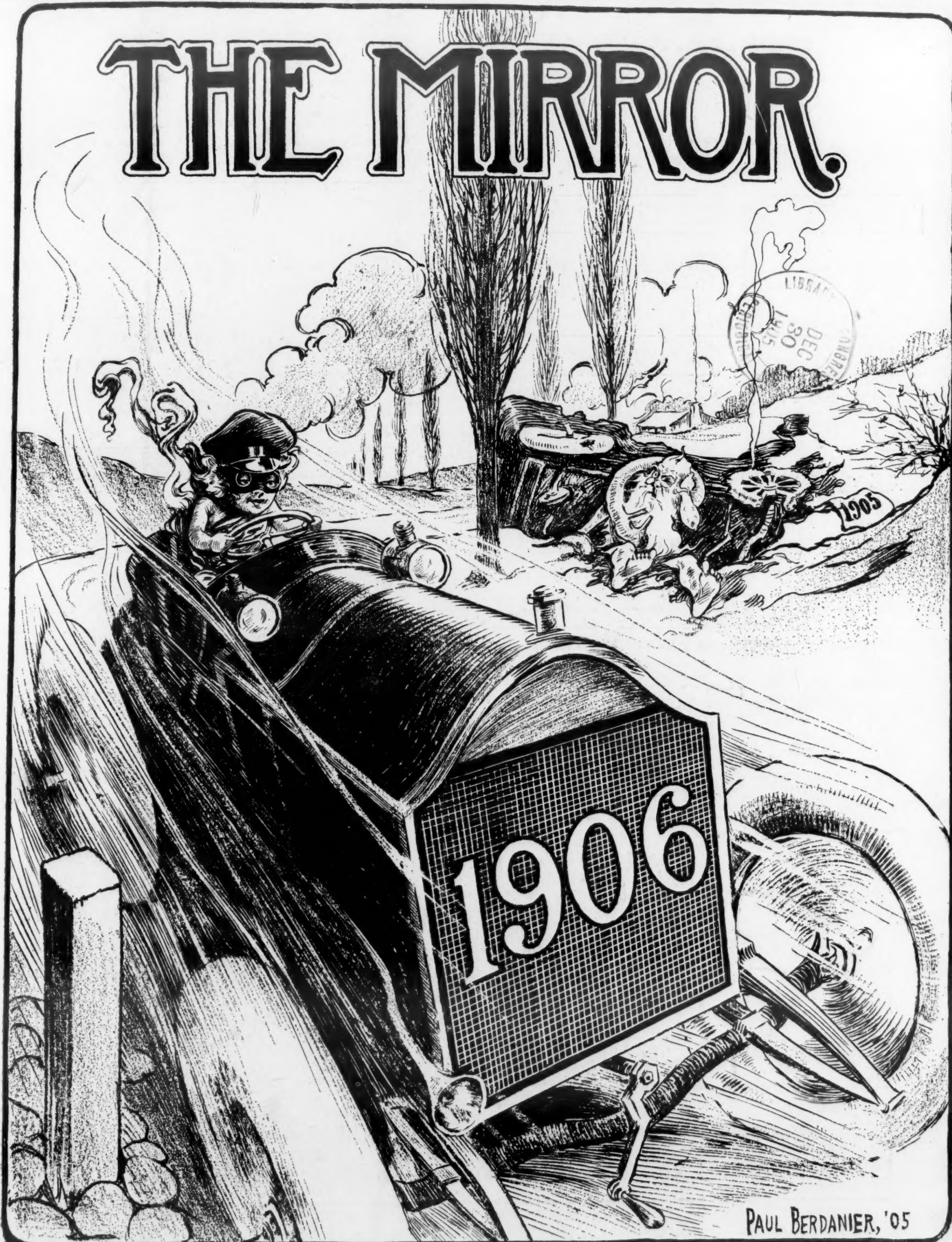


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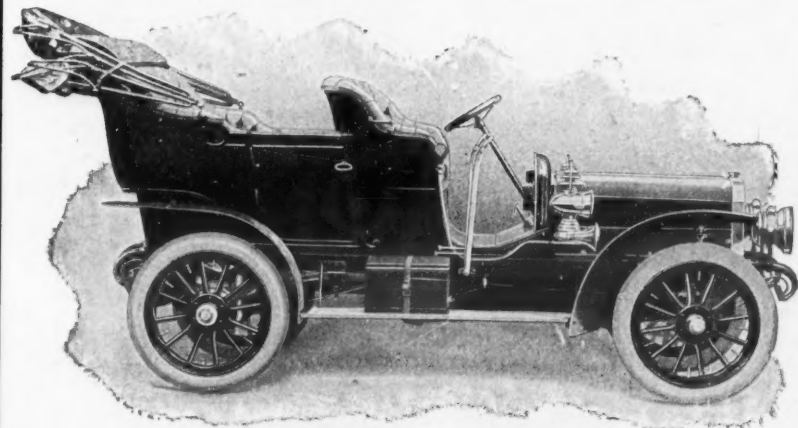
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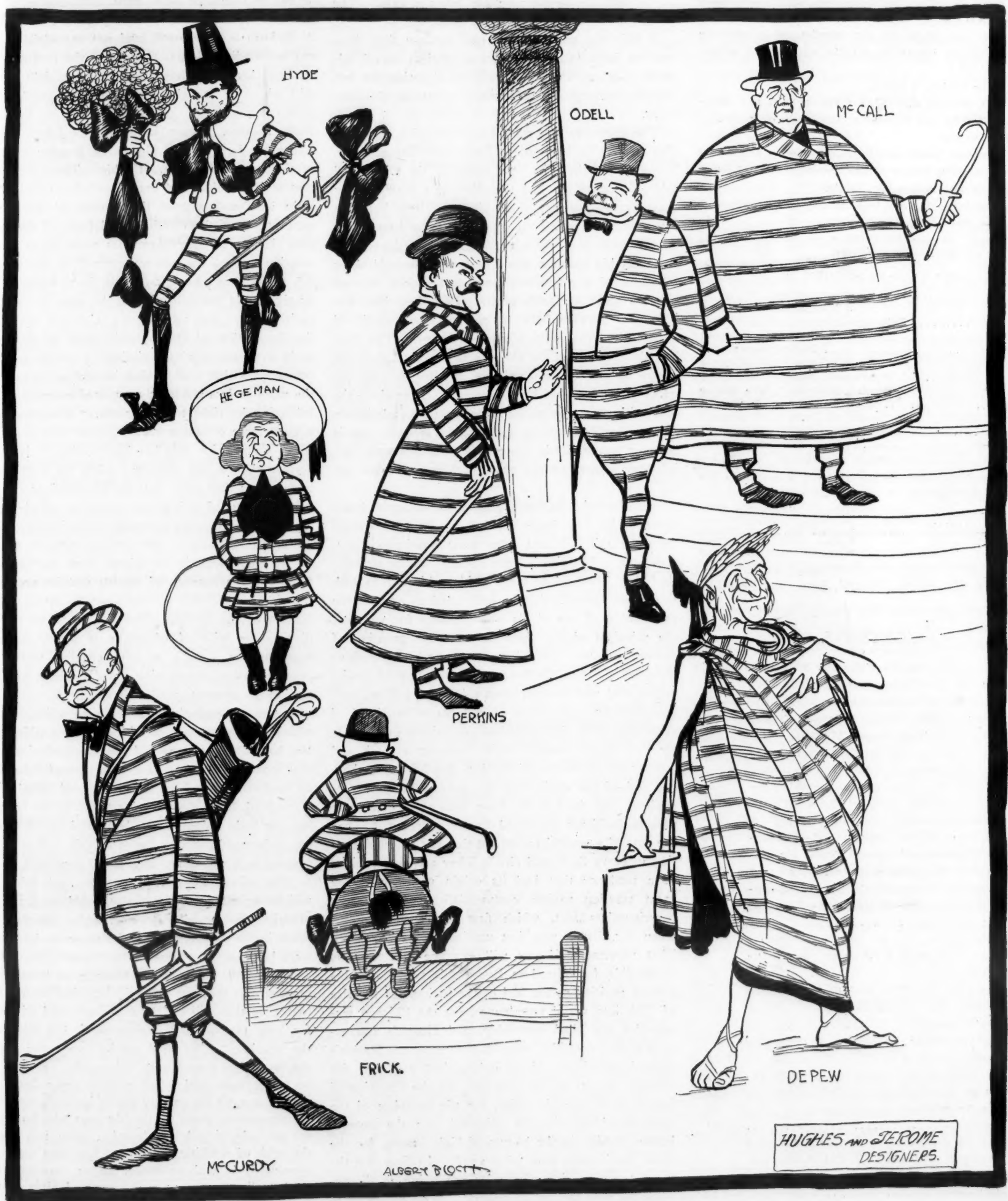


# The Mirror

VOL. XV.—No. 45

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 28, 1905.

PRICE. FIVE CENTS.



INSURANCE FASHIONS FOR 1906

## THE MIRROR

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10th AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

## CONTENTS.

Cartoon: Insurance Fashions for 1906.....	1
What the Old Year Taught Us: By W. M. R...	2
Democratic State Committee: By W. M. R...	3
Reflections: The Pass Nuisance—Texas Land Laws—The Rural Weather Pro- phets—Walsh and Dunne—Congressman Wood—A Lesson in Coal—The Fraternal Robbery—Mr. Bryan—Longworth's Ac- tivity—Gamblers Control—Lots of Abe Hummels—Companions in Misery—A Dead One—Sidney Luska's End—Is Dun- klin Degenerate?—Moral Test for Sa- loonists—Warner-Kerens—Secrecy of the Ballot—Corey—Pinks—Still Expand- ing Standard Oil—Watch 'Em—Squabble Over the Pen.....	3-6
Kindly Caricature, No. 36: Festus J. Wade..	7
The Single Tax Cure for Trusts: By Louis F. Post.....	8
Feminine Failures. The Prelude to "Middle- march": By George Elliot.....	8-10
Blue Jay's Chatter.....	10-12
The End of Their "Affaire": By Catulle Mendes.....	12-14
The Still Voice: By Frank T. Marzials....	14
The Garden of Palms: By Bessie L. Russell..	14
De Flagello Myrteo.....	14
Theatricals.....	15-17
Letters from the People: Human and Divine Authority for Usury—Is Christmas Like It Used to Be?—How About the Com- missioners.....	18
Music.....	18
Stock Market.....	19-20

## What the Old Year Taught Us

By W. M. R.

NOW comes on the end of the year, and we look before and after—yes and pine for what is not. But we do not pine altogether in vain. The world grows better. No doubt about it.

Within the past year no one can say that there has not been in this country a distinct moral advance in many lines. There is no disputing the fact that the country has undergone a great moral awakening.

The insurance exposures have been of good effect. The mighty in wickedness have been brought low. The example that has been made of the tricky and shifty financiers has had the effect of a moral bracer upon men in business of all kinds. There has been a tremendous jacking up of the tottering consciences of men who had come to think that business, and especially big business, could be carried on only along the lines of a great confidence game, or a sort of conventionally justifiable graft. That there has been a general harking back to old fashioned ideals of business integrity is manifest to everyone. The careless drift of all of us along with customs that had grown up into concern only for results, ignoring the ethics of method, has been checked. Everywhere the man with money is no longer accepted as admirable, and as justified by the fact of his money. He is more or less distinctly tabooed, if he cannot make satisfactory answer to the question, "How did you get it?"

Unanimously the country has risen to applaud and approve the President's demand for "a square deal" from the railroads and other great quasi-public corporations. The people have risen to this so strongly that they have called the President himself to task when they thought that he interposed to prevent the prosecution of one of his official family for violating the principle of the square deal in the granting of railroad rebates. We have seen great corporations fined for violating the laws in the securing of special commercial and transportation privileges, and we have seen two Senators of the United States convicted of criminally using their positions for private gain, while we have beheld another made a common mock and jeer by the disclosure of the fact that he was a sharing tool of the grafters in the great insurance companies. All these things have been more than mere passing incidents unrelated one to another. They are part of a general movement that has its manifestation in every State and city. They are outcroppings of a tendency that had its origin probably in the great reaction against commercialism of the more conscienceless sort, which first shook the country when Mr. Bryan was first nominated for President. That movement, if you will examine it closely, is responsible for Theodore Roosevelt's sweep into his present position as the idol of the nation, for the rise of Folk into world prominence, for the Chicago victory for municipal ownership, and Hearst's tremendous race against McClellan in New York, for Jerome's magnificent victory as an independent candidate for District Attorney in the same city, for the smashing of bosses in all the big cities, for the crushing of the great gambling ring in Missouri, for the general house cleaning in the haunts of high finance, for the New Year's news from all the railroad offices that the great transportation companies are going to discontinue the pass method of bribery. With all its financial lunacy, the Chicago platform and the man who stood upon it have profoundly affected this nation,

though not directly. Beyond all peradventure of dispute the challenge which that pronouncement and that candidate gave to wealth as the one worthy object of existence, and to wealth's right to dictate the policies of the nation awakened in men's minds the thoughts which have flowered into such splendid deeds as are of record in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and other cities to the credit of the electorate.

Reform is widespread, and not superficial. It is not spasmodic. It has brought to the fore men who will not down. It has shown how the right can and will win. It has given the ambitious youth of the country models of splendid success in Roosevelt, Folk, Weaver, Jerome, Deneen, Tom Johnson, Mark Fagan, of Jersey City; Moran, of Boston; Dempsey, of Cincinnati; Pattison, of Ohio. These men show that it is possible, and even inevitable to win for a right idea, and without the consent of the political gangs that are the creation and tools of the predatory rich. All this reform has come about through reaction against the power acquired by the grasping few through no other means than the usurping of public rights and the utilization of the same to their own enrichment. The uprising for a square deal is but the reassertion of the people's faith in democracy. It is a protest against privilege, a revolt against a ruling class that had builded its corrupt power upon the more or less insidiously acquired control of things belonging by right to the people. The people rose against these creatures grown greater than their creator. Corporation rule has been shaken. It will be further shaken and dislodged when the people come to know, as they must, that the corporations are great only by virtue of their power to tax the people for the right to live and labor profitably on their own diverted heritage.

We have seen in the Corey case another revolt against the arrogance of wealth and its assumption that it can set aside all the laws for its own gratification of the senses. The rich man can no more divorce the wife of whom he is weary solely because he has found a woman appealing more to his jaded appetites, or seeming more available as a possession to decorate and splendorify himself. We have seen the nation's wealthiest man whimpering and whining under the lash of criticism of his selfish greed. We have seen colleges and churches refusing to accept money believed to have been wrongfully acquired by its donor. We have seen crass and brutal wealth discredited in its every manifestation in the body politic, the body economic, the body social. We cannot but understand the meaning of all this. It is that the country is in the throes of a moral new birth.

The reform will recede from its high tide, but it will never recede so far that the old conditions will prevail. The standards are set high. They will sag lower in the natural reaction, but never so low as they were before. The people forget somewhat, but they do not utterly forget such lessons as we have learned, especially in the past year. There has been a moral toning up that will last in us oldsters and will persist for long through the impression it has made upon the youngers. We shall not be angels nor saints in the immediate future upon this earth. But we shall be better men—and why? Well, away down deep, not because we are so very purely inclined, but because we see that so many of the big ones who have fallen are not only wicked, but absurd. Then, too, now that the trick of working the masses has been exposed so thoroughly it will no longer be so easy to play it. And finally, it appears writ large and plain that material success of itself alone isn't worth what it costs when "the blow off" comes, as it is likely to come in any career at any moment.



## Democratic State Committee

By W. M. R.

THE Democratic State Committee meets this week at Jefferson City. We hear much to the effect that the Committee is incompetent, or that it betrayed the rest of the State ticket in the last campaign to elect Folk.

All such talk comes from the old gang that Folk turned down and out, from the friends of Dockery, Cook, Allen and Senators like Frank Farris, Orchard, Morton, of the alum regime, and from the founders and beneficiaries of the police ring in this city.

To reorganize the committee on any such foundation as that talk would be the rankest sort of folly. It would be to proceed on the assumption of a lie as a fact.

The State Committee didn't elect Folk. Folk elected himself by the same work which won him the nomination in spite of the old gang. Folk was elected by the people of all parties.

Roosevelt carried Missouri. Why? Because Missouri Democrats were disgusted with the nomination of Parker for President, and by the "gold telegram" repudiation of the party's platform in the two preceding campaigns. Roosevelt was beloved of the people of Missouri as of all other parts of the country. He ran ahead of his ticket here just as he did in every other State of the Union. The State Committee is no more responsible for Roosevelt carrying Missouri than for his sweep in every other part of the country. He carried Missouri simply because thousands of Missouri Democrats were disgusted with the old gang that is now accusing the committee of incompetence and treachery.

How could Roosevelt escape carrying Missouri with Senator Cockrell stumping the State as a Democrat and devoting most of his speeches of praise of Roosevelt.

The State ticket outside of Folk was beaten because Cook was nominated for Secretary of State and Allen for Auditor against the protests of the people. Cook was thoroughly discredited by his own confession and testimony as to participation in bribery and corruption. Allen was an old fossil whom no one believed to be of any weight. Both these men were forced upon the ticket by the gang. The gang did this in the hope that Folk would repudiate the nominations. He didn't. He said the people's representatives nominated Cook and Allen and he would not set himself above the people. When the people got a crack at Cook and Allen they smote them heavily and what with resentment against Parker, the gold telegram and ring tactics for the embarrassment of Folk's candidacy, with affection and admiration for Roosevelt and the prevalent atmosphere of an era of good feeling for everybody and everything but boodlers and boodling, the State ticket was swamped. Democrats by the thousands started to vote for Roosevelt and then concluded to put the ticket in straight again all the Democrats who were opposed to Folk, while thousands of Republicans voted for Folk as a man who represented about the same general ideas in politics of the domestic sort as Roosevelt.

The Democratic State Central Committee was not to blame for the result, nor is it to be credited with saving Folk at the expense of other Democratic candidates. Folk was all it could talk for. Folk was all the people would hearken to. The rest of the ticket was damned in the hour it was put up. If the State Democratic Committee did anything it did the best it could for the party ticket as a whole. It was hampered by the National ticket. It was at the head of a party contemptuous of its leaders. It was obstructed by the old gang.

The only treason to the party was the treason of the gang that now cries treason on the State Committee. The gang knifed Folk everywhere. The

reason their knifing doesn't show in the returns is that it was more than made up for by the votes the Republicans cast for Folk in every precinct in the State.

What beat the State ticket outside of Folk was the corruption and chicane of the old gang—represented by Dockery, Cook, Allen, the St. Louis contingent, the lobby senators and representatives, the general glee of all the boodle elements when Cook and Allen were placed on the ticket to hamper Folk. The gang put Cook and Allen on the ticket with a crazy idea that they would beat Folk. Instead, Cook's and Allen's candidacy strengthened Folk and brought upon themselves the vengeance of the scratchers.

In this view of the case all talk of reorganizing the State Committee is false presentation of the situation. The committee couldn't have done better than it did. It was hardly a factor in the election, except in so far as it did by its efforts keep some thousands of disgruntled Democrats, who wanted to dump Folk, in line for the whole ticket.

The committee may not be as strong as it might be, but a committee that is cut off from the "sinews" can't be very strong. It is being fought by the ring politicians everywhere in the State, but that is to its credit. The charge that the committee is incompetent is not true. It had nothing to do. Folk did it all, and if Folk had been defeated for the gubernatorial nomination there would have been no Democrat elected last November. If the committee should be re-organized it will be all the worse for the party. Any blow at Folk will keep Missouri in the Republican column in spite even of the split in the Republican ranks.

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## Reflections

## The Pass Nuisance

THE railroad pass is a nuisance. It is also a crime. For the people who pay railroad fares pay for the men who ride on passes. If the passes were utterly abolished the prices of railroad tickets would come down and the whole people would benefit thereby. If the passes were abolished the railroads could save the cost of presenting them, the pay of clerks for issuing and recording them, and possibly could take off a number of cars each day from the trains running between the great cities. If you live and move in the world, just try to think how many people you know who pay fares to railroads. Mighty few. If you are in politics, journalism, the larger businesses, what a bore it is to meet the fellow who wants a pass, and usually they are fellows to whom you owe nothing. If the passes between St. Louis and Chicago, for instance, could be utterly abolished, it seems like'y that transportation of passengers between those two cities could be reduced to one cent per mile. I have gone out of St. Louis, twice in a sleeping car containing from eighteen to twenty-two passengers, of whom not more than three paid fare, and the payers were those who could least afford to pay. The railroads will save millions of dollars annually by cutting out passes, and the greater pay patronage would justify the passes in reducing the mileage rate on tickets. All the people who are fighting the pass nuisance and evil are operating on a basis of sound economics. The pass fiend's fare is paid by the man who doesn't get a pass. The public pays for the politicians' and legislators' pass, through the favoritism shown the railroads or through the laxity in enforcing laws against the roads. The pass is a badge of privilege. It is also a mark of servitude. If it were wiped out the public would save money and the railroads would not only save money, but make money.

## The Wrong of the Lid

THE club that pays no city license should not be permitted to monopolize the sale of drinks for which privilege the saloon keeper pays a heavy annual license. The swell club should not be permitted to do what a club of common folks is not permitted to do. The law and the enforcers of the law should play no favorites. The raided clubs are organized under laws just as good as those which recognize the fashionable clubs. The poor man's drinking is no more a crime than the millionaire's. Sunday drinking is no worse than week day drinking. Drinking at home is no more moral on Sunday or any other day than drinking in a saloon. The whole confounded lid idea is an intolerable interference with personal rights, and its good effects are not comparable with its bad results. It makes for disrespect of law and for much discomfort in the gregarious population of a big city. It was not needed in St. Louis, where Sunday drinking was never a general cause of disorder or even of scandal. "The lid" may be the law, but the law is a wrong when it permits the wealthy few a pleasure which it denies the many. The lid is Governor Folk's supreme mistake, not alone in practical politics, but in Democratic principles. Personal liberty should not be interfered with when it does not infringe the liberties of others. Privilege and favoritism are not Democratic, yet exempting swell clubs from laws enforced against clubs of the common people is a piece of favoritism smacking of aristocracy. Governor Folk is wrong in his lid attitude.

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## Texas Land Laws

TEXAS has a great deal of land for sale at prices ranging from \$2 to \$5 per acre. But one must go there to discover the cloven hoof in the land act. Small tracts are not sold. If the purchaser is able to pay for six sections (3,600 acres), all well and good. If he wants an ordinary farm of 160 acres, he must look elsewhere. The reason is apparent. Small purchasers would enclose and cultivate their land. Speculators will hold on to it for, perhaps, years, and make no improvements. But the value of the land increases by virtue of the increase of the population that needs the land, and this is profit to those who carry on the hold out. The cattle kings don't want the lands cultivated, and they are able to have things their own way in Texas. It was bad enough for these cattle men to fence up whole counties for their exclusive benefit, but when it comes to forcing as big a State as Texas directly to legislate against home-seekers of small means, the act becomes a crime. It is the old story. Plenty of land, but all of it held for the benefit of a few, and kept out of use by the many, that the values may be kept up in localities where the many are huddled together. Keeping the people from the land is the simplest form of keeping the people in dependence. Land kept out of use keeps the men who might occupy that land in subjection to the exploiters of the people. Preventing the sale of land in small lots keeps up the rent on land in other places. It makes the renters of land pay for the non use of the land held out of the market. A tax on the land that would take the full rental value would bring all land into use by the people. The land of Texas belongs to all the people, and the great landlords rob the people of their rights in it by laws which prevent the sale of the land in small parcels. It keeps people from coming into Texas, unless they come in such way as to fatten the land barons. It keeps the cities filled with a tenantry bearing heavy rent exactions. It builds up great



fortunes for the few who hold land by making those who cannot own land the serfs of the soil. Their labor goes to pay the landlords for the right to live on the land. They use the land and lose the increment of working it, while that increment goes to those who only hold the land. The poor man is not wanted in Texas unless he comes ready to remain poor. Texas land law favors the greatest, oldest, most rapacious monopoly on earth—land monopoly.

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JOHN R. WALSH, of Chicago, got other people to give him their money for safe keeping. Then he used it to float his own shaky schemes. Those schemes were mostly schemes to hold up other big interests and make them buy him out or off. He wasn't as lucky as the insurance thieves, who used the money intrusted to them in the same way, pocketed the profits on it, and only buncoed the people otherwise by giving themselves big salaries and expense accounts. Walsh was a typical Chicago wolf, and it's too bad that his bustedness is not more complete than it is.

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#### *The Rural Weather Prophets*

FROM a large number of country exchanges it appears that the rural weather prophets are doing a flourishing business. The old signs have been examined, and such an assortment of weather promised between now and spring that if they all come true, it won't make much difference to the average Missourian if he does die before the flowers bloom in the spring time. What is mystifying and worrying is to know which of the prophets—the disciples of the corn husk, the seers who rely upon muskrat holes or the followers of the lowly goose bone—to believe. For example, the defenders of the goose bone assert that there will be more cold weather in Missouri during the next eight weeks than the State ever knew since the glacial period. Many old line Democrats are inclined to think that the glacial period has returned with the administration of Folk. One blizzard will follow another, if these goosebone prophets know their business. There will be sleet and snow, and the thermometer will drop down to where milk will be sold by the yard and whiskey by the plug. This would be a serious matter, were it not for the fact that the corn shucks do not indicate a nivose and hyperborean calamitous winter in this State. The corn shuck prophets must really be quite a conservative lot. They scoff at the idea that polar bear hunting will be good in Missouri next January, February and March. They say the winter will be mild, or, at least, not unreasonably cold. This is cheering indeed, and great would be the occasion for joy if the disciples of the muskrat hole would join the cornshuck crowd. But no. They have their own method of divining future weather, and it is not the method of other prophets. They say that the layers of husks on an ear of corn have nothing on earth to do with approaching weather. And the goose bone prophets—well, a muskrat hole prophet and a goose bone prophet are hardly on speaking terms. Their opinion of each other is about as exalted as the mutual regard doctors of different schools entertain for one another. Snow and rain are all the muskrat prophets can see, which means high water, poor stock, bridges washed out, mines flooded, traffic congested and kindred evils. It is enough to give one the nightmare to read some of these doleful predictions. And then, to think of it—next month a new race of prophets will obtain the floor and tell us from day to day that the fruit has all been killed. The fruit crop is killed every year, but doesn't stay killed. Mayhap, we shall be driven in self-defense to turn proph-

ets ourselves. If we do, we will work up a batch of calamities that will make the chronicles of events in Russia tame reading. For the present we content ourselves with saying that we think that when the Christmas bills come in next week there will be an unhealthy warm spell, very unseasonable, followed by a severe chill that will freeze up the genial currents of the soul for some time.

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MR. E. E. E. MCJIMSEY, the St. Joseph editor, will be our consul at Callao, Peru. An editor! The return of the inkas. Wow!

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#### *Walsh and Dunne*

CHIEFEST of opponents of Mayor Dunne of Chicago in his effort to municipalize the street railway system of that city was John R. Walsh. We have found out the moral worth of Walsh in his triple bank collapse. Walsh's smash up ought to be a great help to Mayor Dunne's cause, since the exposure of Walsh shows what private ownership of public utilities amounts to in the hands of those who denounce the ethics of municipal ownership. Grafters Walsh hated Dunne. His papers were bitterest towards Dunne. Now we read the papers and see in what Walsh's wealth and alleged great business consisted, and we know the reason why Walsh hated Dunne. For the same reason that the Devil hates holy water or a thief hates a policeman.

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ON an issue of veracity between Governor Odell and President Roosevelt the public will not side with the Grocer of Newburg. And at that we don't mean to say that the President is incapable of a little politicking. Lincoln was a political maneuverer, and up with the wildest of them in his time.

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#### *Congressman Wood*

HON. ERNEST E. WOOD, Congressman from the Twelfth District of Missouri, has found his way into the editorial columns of the *New York Sun*. Now we know he will get the full value of the \$7,500 which he says was the cost of the nomination that was given him with a view of making it easier to defeat him. Wood would have been defeated if Tom Kinney had thrown him down like every other ward leader in the district did. Therefore, if the *Sun* should continue to devote its attention to Mr. Wood lovers of good writing and good reading the country over will be under lasting obligations to Senator Kinney. The Hon. Ernest E. Wood, of Missouri, and St. Louis, is in a contested seat. He is a rare and delicate-minded man, as was shown when he asked the man whom he defeated, to propose him for membership in the St. Louis Club. The Hon. Ernest E. Wood has nice, ladylike manners, and he dines from the top of a Delicatessen stool with bewitching grace. His locomotory movements have that alert propulsiveness that is attainable only through persistent and pertinacious chasing of ambulances containing the wounded borne from the smoking track of the trolley car and the automobile. His voice is as lutes and viols, with predominant sibilant strains, and his beard, when he wears one, is as the golden tassels of the corn. He wears a white bow tie, and a white slouch hat. He is a lawyer, known as a power in "unlawful detainer" cases, and his strongest drink is milk and seltzer. Not eleven men in the district he represents in Congress would know him if they met him in the street, and altogether, he is such a representative of the great city of St. Louis as it will delight the *New York Sun* to place in the proper light before a perverse and stiff-necked generation, blind to all the indelible stigmata of world-conquering genius which we have frequent-

ly outlined since first Lou Guion left him, a piping political foundling, on Tom Kinney's door step, to be taken in out of the cold and sent to Washington to talk and act tenor for the delectation of the crasser and coarser natures in the lower house of Congress.

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#### *A Lesson in Coal*

COAL rates on railroads have come down 30 per cent in St. Louis. Why? Because the Wabash cut the rate and all other roads had to meet it. Anthracite, however, stays up because there is no competition between railroads from the anthracite region. One road willing to do the right thing by St. Louis can make all other roads do likewise. What is needed is some St. Louisans at the head of one of the big systems. We should get some results from St. Louis dominance in Frisco-Rock Island affairs. We get what we get on coal through the Goulds, who are, on the whole, rather kindly disposed towards this city. St. Louis business men should go after one big road and get it in line for St. Louis. What will B. F. Yoakum, head of the Frisco-Rock Island system, do for us? Or Mr. James Campbell, the heaviest individual stockholder in that system? We venture to assert that they'll come to their home town's relief.

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THE President is a busy man, but in nothing is he quite so busy as in reiterating vindications of Mr. Paul Morton. If the President be not careful, Mr. Morton's case may come to be to him what the head of King Charles I. was to Dickens' *Mr. Dick*.

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#### *The Fraternal Robbery*

A NEW YORK court has sat down on the attempt of the Royal Arcanum to freeze out its older members by raising the amount of annual assessments upon them. The court holds that such raising of assessments upon members who fail to die is a violation of their original contract with the order. But as the order can't pay out at the present rate of assessment the indications are that the older members will lose their money anyhow. Unscientific fraternal insurance is often a great swindle. When the accession of new members stops the game is up. A rigid supervision of fraternal insurance associations is needed to prevent the guaranteeing of death benefits on no more secure basis than the prospect of the continuance of an increase in membership. More people are robbed by fraternal insurance schemes run on the lines indicated than by the big old line companies with all their extravagance and graft.

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#### *Mr. Bryan*

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is said now to have an income of \$50,000 per year. Before he was nominated for President, in 1896, barring his salary as a Congressman, he never earned \$5,000 per year. Politics has been a good investment for Mr. Bryan, yet it cannot be said that he has done in the position to which that nomination elevated him, anything that conflicted with the dignity or the honor the nomination carried with it. He has made his money cleanly and he has given value received for it to the large public that enjoys his writings in the *Commoner* and his lectures. He has made his fortune without violation of his principles and he has without blare or ostentation given of his accretions to many worthy causes. Mr. Bryan has shown that he knows how to enjoy his money and to master it. Mighty creditable citizen is Mr. William J. Bryan and not by any means out of the reckoning when one buckles down to figuring on big Americans. Whatever his "views" may be in the opinion of some of his opponents no one can doubt that



much of the moral revival which we are now experiencing has its origin in his stand against the aggression of wealth and his great campaigns in which he challenged the moral right of the money power in this country. For all of which reasons we are glad that he is enjoying himself journeying around the world "for to admire and for to see." He has earned his fun, he has contributed to our excitement and pleasure not a little, he has made us think and feel on a good many issues that were dead before he made them alive. We wish Mr. William Jennings Bryan a Happy New Year.

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ROOSEVELT for Senator after his term expires! Oh, no. He must be at the head of the Canal work. His hustle would give the Senate "nervous prostitution," and we mustn't disturb that venerable body. Roosevelt in the Senate! Huh! A lion in a den of Daniels. Not for us.

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#### Longworth's Activity

REPRESENTATIVE LONGWORTH, of Ohio, the President's prospective son-in-law, introduced a bill the other day authorizing the Secretary of State to acquire, at a cost not to exceed \$5,000,000, proper sites and buildings for use of the American Ambassadors and Ministers in foreign countries. The United States now owns or leases only the residences of its representatives in Peking, Tokio, and Seoul, Corea. "The underlying purpose of my bill," said Mr. Longworth, "is to remove the one, at present, absolutely necessary qualification, that of great wealth, for holding high diplomatic office under the United States. It is an open and notorious fact that with the small salaries which our Government pays, compared to what other countries pay, none but very rich men can aspire to high diplomatic offices. This bill would reduce the expenses of Ambassadors by providing their rent free." We shall see what we shall see. But we are glad to see what we are seeing, namely, that Mr. Longworth is getting ready to show us that he is worthy of the hand of the President's daughter. He will be in the limelight now, and he will find it, before long, a baptism of fire. Here's hoping that he will make good in every effort to offset the popular impression recently created by the press that he is nothing but the rich son of a rich man in Congress by accident. There must be a great deal in him that a Roosevelt should cotton to him. If there is—well, why shouldn't he himself some time in the near future serve as ambassador to some great country, and live in one of the residences for which his bill provides!

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#### Lots of Abe Hummels

WHEN shall some of our lawyers, like New York's Abe Hummel, get what's coming to them? There are a few legal advisers of thieves of local fame who would look well under a very close hair cut. The men, for instance, who gave opinions that the various get-rich-quick schemes were legal and good investments. They are men of eminence in the profession, yet their names were scattered all over the country on sucker dope. Then there are the lawyers whose specialty is franchises, or fixing the legislature, and the lawyer who has a "drag" in the Supreme Court. Then there's the bogus debt collecting lawyer, the suborning damage suit lawyer, the private detective divorce lawyer. Then there's the swindler of the estate for which he is counsel. The profession is full of crooks, and the worst of them are not the fellows who try monkey business in the

police courts, and will strip a tramp of his second hand pants for a fee. Some of them have automobiles and invest in bijouterie. Our Abe Hummels should be routed out of their lairs and into striped suits.

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#### Companions in Misery.

You, too, are smoking a Christmas cigar, so scorn not me. That is a Christmas necktie you have on. I'll trade cigar-cutters with you! Does your Christmas ink well hold ink? I dare you to show me your smoking jacket that your wife made with her own dear little hands. Come, we are all fellows in misery, let us go out and get a drink of something to take away the taste of the cellarette stuff we have sopped up in the last three days, and I know a restaurant where there isn't any turkey hash on the bill of fare.

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#### A Dead One.

GOVERNOR FOLK is no fool. He will not straighten out and strengthen the Jefferson Club, on the representations of his ancient enemies that it may be used against him at the first primary. Governor Folk has not one hundred "sticker" friends in the total membership of the club. He has not five friends who will "stick" in the St. Louis City Committee. He can let the organized city Democracy go hang itself. The party here will need him before he will need the party petty bosses. And at the proper time he can enter the field here, make open war on the enemies now playing possum and pretending to be his friends, and sweep them into the sewer. The Governor has 'em where he wants 'em, and he will fire when he is ready. They can't win a fight or get into jobs without him. He can get along better without than with them, if he should try for the Senatorship or the Presidency. He should let the Jefferson Club die, and there's no better way to kill it than by having Folk men named to head it, only that they may withdraw with most pronounced shudderings from the mere suggestion of contamination in the name of the club. Beautiful work this of Folk's—killing the club most effectively by professing desire to help it. It's a dead one.

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#### Sidney Luska's End.

HENRY HARLAND, the author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," is dead. His first successes were achieved, under the name of "Sidney Luska," in novels of rather vulgar Jewish life in New York, but with a strong exotic odor. Later he fell victim to preciosity and became editor of *The Yellow Book*, which was the last cry of the later nineties, and brought into the light Aubrey Beardsley, Max Beerbohm, Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symons, Richard Le Gallienne. They were in England what in France were called *les jeunes*, only the term became in London *les jaunes*, or the yellows. Mr. Harland didn't pursue his fad quite so far as some of the others, though his literary art did become tenuous and but mistily adumbrative of his delicate fancies. To read him one must have had the sort of apprehension which leaped out to search the idea. The writing was clever, but the reader had to be exceedingly clever to see its finely shaded, subtle intimations and sense its hidden suggestions of beauty. It was pretty, but only a carving of cherry stones, after all. Yet the men of *The Yellow Book* left their mark on the later Victorian era, a queer, morbid, erratic, over decorative mark, but

still a mark. Some might say "the mark of the Beast," and be partly right, especially as to Beardsley, who was the "Oscar Wilde of draughtsmanship," but they imparted color of an unearthly kind into English literature, and the strange glamour lingers yet in some few men, the most notable among whom is Robert Hichens. Of course, they didn't disturb or affect the giants like Meredith, Hardy, Swinburne, Henley, Stevenson, but they did open Englishmen's eyes to some of the possibilities of self-expression theretofore beyond their ken or vision. Of them all Arthur Symons looms largest now. LeGallienne has become a poseur without the excuse of youth. Max Beerbohm is the laureate of impudence. John Davidson has sunk to a grumbling anarchy, but he will live in "The Ballad of a Nun." Harland was their editor. That made him a sort of leader, but as the cult's emphasis faded he lapsed into a sort of supercilious indifference to the world and passed his days in dalliance in Italy, where death found him almost forgotten and still young, though none the less wearied of a life that had been lived with too meticulous devotion to the development of the exquisiteness of little and immaterial things. His American stories are forgotten, yet were they good, if somewhat crude. No one has written stories quite like Sidney Luska's, except Edgar Saltus, only his are more so. Indeed Saltus is all we can claim as part of the movement of which Harland was leader, and Saltus is but a faint echo of his wonderful wastrel half-brother Francis, who gave us in this country a shudder second only to that which we obtained from Poe. Edgar Saltus is still writing novels that the many cannot abide for their preternatural, cynic, morbid, hermaphrodite cleverness. The multitude knows him not, even as it never knew Harland.

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#### Is Dunklin Degenerate?

IS IT possible that Dunklin County has no entry in the Democratic Congressional race in the Fourteenth District? Dunklin has a great abundance of statesmen. It raises more cotton, better watermelons and more distinguished statesmen than any other locality in that section of the State. It is also famous for duck shooting, fishing and gentlemanly poker. Still, Dunklin has no candidate for Congress, although it is the strongest Democratic county in Southeast Missouri. Even Pemiscot has her C. B. Farris, Cape Girardeau her Louis Houck, Stoddard her Ralph Wammock, and Mississippi her J. J. Russell, all battering the Congressional persimmon tree. And there is talk of Jim Conran of New Madrid and Robert Drum of Bollinger. How can Dunklin stand idly by and watch this contest? Where is Judge Wm. Downing the "one gallus" Democrat of the Southeast? Is T. R. Ely doing duty on the watch-tower? And what of C. P. Hawkins, J. B. Blakemore, Jim Wells, Col. Wm. Shelton, J. P. Tribble, Banker Pankey and last, but not least, Col. Ed. P. Caruthers? There is game in the woods worthy of such huntsmen, but their horns have not tooted. Is Dunklin degenerate? Perish the thought. Is Caruthers fearful because Houck looks like a little octopus and spends his money getting up history books about primeval Missouri? Ely surely can talk against Russell, even if Russell once was speaker of the House. Jim Conran has had some slight trouble in the courts of St. Louis, and stands in with the ward politicians as a favorite, but this is no good in the country, as Col. Shelton well knows. Banker Pankey must know that Drum is

not hard to beat. Dunklin's sons are strangely lascivious. They were never so before. What is the matter with Dunklin, the home of gentlemanly poker? We pause for a reply.

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#### *Moral Test for Saloonists*

No appeal from the Excise Commissioner's decision when he revokes a saloon license because the saloonist violates the laws. What's the remedy? Senator Kinney has it. Let none but men who will not violate the laws be given licenses to conduct saloons. Better saloon men will do much to dispel whatever prejudice exists against the saloon business. The brewers can put this reform to work by refusing to set up in business men who want to run saloons with women or gambling attachments. The Senator has a big idea here in raising the standard of saloon-keeping. It shows him in line with the best and sanest civic moralists of this and all other ages on the proposition that reform begins at the beginning, and that many laws are of little avail for reform as against a few good men who want to do and do do the right thing. The millionaire brewers would save themselves money and worry by taking up and applying the simple yet practical idea of Senator Kinney.

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#### *Warner-Kerens.*

ARE Senator Warner and Mr. Kerens in-and-in with one another in Republican politics in Missouri? It will be remembered that Senator Warner was one of the men who, after Mr. Chauncey Ives Filley had been chosen as National Committeeman, went to a great Republican convention and elected Mr. Kerens to that position, the votes of the committeemen changing from the instructions of their constituents to the exact opposite between their leaving their homes and arriving at the convention hall. This defeat of the will of the Republican voters was a flagrant case of corrupt bossism. It was carried through by the direction and under the patronage of Marcus A. Hanna, for whom Kerens was a messenger boy, and with whom Kerens was a partner in many enterprises. Warner may have abjured Kerens, but there are those who think he has not. There's a world of money being put into Republican politics in this State, and into Republican papers in various districts, just now, and it is all for Kerens and under apparent Warner auspices. But Niedringhaus is not so easily to be put down. And Bartholdt is getting into position to make both factions feel the necessity of having him as a supporter. Smooth man is Herr Bartholdt.

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#### *Secrecy of the Ballot*

THE ballots in the Hearst-McClellan contest in New York cannot even be recounted, according to the decision of the New York Court of Appeals. "The secrecy of the ballot" is a cloak for fraud. It's about time that we do away with this secrecy of the ballot. The man afraid to have it known how he votes is not really entitled to a vote. And if the vote he casts in secrecy is not to be counted, why should he vote? The secrecy of the ballot doesn't seem to prevent people from voting the way those who want them to vote, dictate they shall vote. But a recount of the vote doesn't involve a violation of the secrecy of the ballot. A vote can be counted without disclosing the action of the individual voter. "Secrecy of the ballot" is the stronghold of bossisms, as the dogma is interpreted by partisan courts. A man without the courage to vote his convictions generally has no convictions. Why should we still cling to the "secrecy of the ballot?" It has been productive of

nothing but the defeat of the will of the people by bosses. It has been the protection of every political dummy counted in by his gang.

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#### *Corey.*

MR. COREY gives his wife \$1,000,000 and will live with her and "give up" Mabelle Gilman, the actress, in order to hold his job as President of the Steel Trust. Lovely situation for Mrs. Corey—to hold a husband who wants to break away, only because he needs the money he can get by remaining with her. Great love he had for Mabelle Gilman, too. Why, he could have gone with the latter and let her earn enough money to support him, on the strength of the advertisement of their case. The actress is better than the man in the case, just as May Yohe is better than Capt. "Puttie" Strong. She gave up a husband and fortune for him, and now that she can't support them both, they are to part. Corey, like Strong, is a rank mucker. His surrender to public opinion is contemptible. We could forgive him if he loved Mabelle Gilman. He doesn't love his wife. But he will live with the latter and turn down the former, for money. He will lose his job as head of the Steel corporation, before very long. No thoroughbred can stand for him. He's an out-and-out dough-face, and no mistake. He has been outgeneraled in his game, and the culmination of it all is that he has treated two women badly, instead of one, as he originally intended. Mrs. Corey ought to take his place at the head of the steel company. Her tactics have thrashed him thoroughly and exposed him for a wobbly quitter.

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#### *Pinks.*

RICHARD WITTERSTAETER, of Cincinnati, has sold a carnation for \$40,000. The carnation is called "Aristocrat," quite appropriately. This is \$10,000 more than Tom Lawson paid for his carnation some years ago. And these things occur when people are freezing and starving in the great cities. The figures are higher than a new swell girl will fetch on Broadway, New York, under the most careful theatrical manager's souteneuring. Such transactions show us that we are enjoying great prosperity—and other things which we shall have to pay for some day in blood and tears and fire. Oh, yes; I know Browning's line—"If you get beauty and naught else, you get about the best thing God invents," but the disinherited and dispossessed are not fed by \$40,000 pinks, and the souls of men are not saved by an odd tint of a flower. Lawson gave \$30,000 for a pink, and was proclaimed a benefactor. We have recently seen how he loves the people. He skinned them for nearly \$4,000,000 on a copper deal.

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#### *Still Expanding Standard Oil*

TO HIM who hath shall be given. A Wall street rumor declares that the Standard Oil Company is about to increase its capitalization by several hundred millions of dollars. Capital now outstanding is \$98,000,000. The story is revived because of the enormous business which the company is doing at the present time, being unable to keep abreast of its orders and every department swamped with work. The state of affairs has been largely caused by the destruction of the Russian oil fields. According to rumor, the Standard Oil hopes to purchase the Russian oil business, and would require additional capital to do so. The Russian companies which are crippled, for the time being at least, were the only competitors the Standard Oil had, and now the American company is getting practically all the business of the world.

The demand for petroleum and its by-products has greatly increased in the past year. The company's profit comes largely from the sale of by-products, and the price of these articles has risen with that of crude petroleum. One of the causes of the increased use of these products is the growth of the automobile industry, which requires large amounts of gasoline. Some years ago the Standard Oil spent large sums in developing the petroleum industry in the Middle West, and is now getting its money back. The company is said to have stored away several hundred million gallons of oil purchased much below the present market price. In 1905 the company paid 40 per cent dividends. All of which reads very much like a boost for the stock, but all of which bears the earmarks of truth. All of which brings home to us, too, this fact. Oil is a natural monopoly. It should yield revenue to the public rather than to Rockefeller alone. Its value is in the land that holds it, and is held by the Standard Oil Company, and that value is made by the people whose presence makes demand and use for the oil. No law will get at this public created value, in the right way, but one law, and that one to tax the rental value of the Standard Oil lands, whether those lands hold coal or oil, or are used as railroad rights-of-way, and tax it into the public treasury. Do this and the Standard Oil land now held out will have to be used to produce oil and lower the price or let go to the use of others whose use will lower the price. We needn't destroy the Standard Oil Company to exact justice of it. All we need to do is to provide for competition with it, and the land tax will do this. It almost looks as if unless this method of curbing the Standard is applied, that concern will eventually own the earth. It sucks revenue from everything and everybody. Only measures which approximate the drastic taxation of the land values as outlined by Henry George will prevent the ultimate trusting of all the trusts in the Rockefeller grip.

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#### *Watch 'Em!*

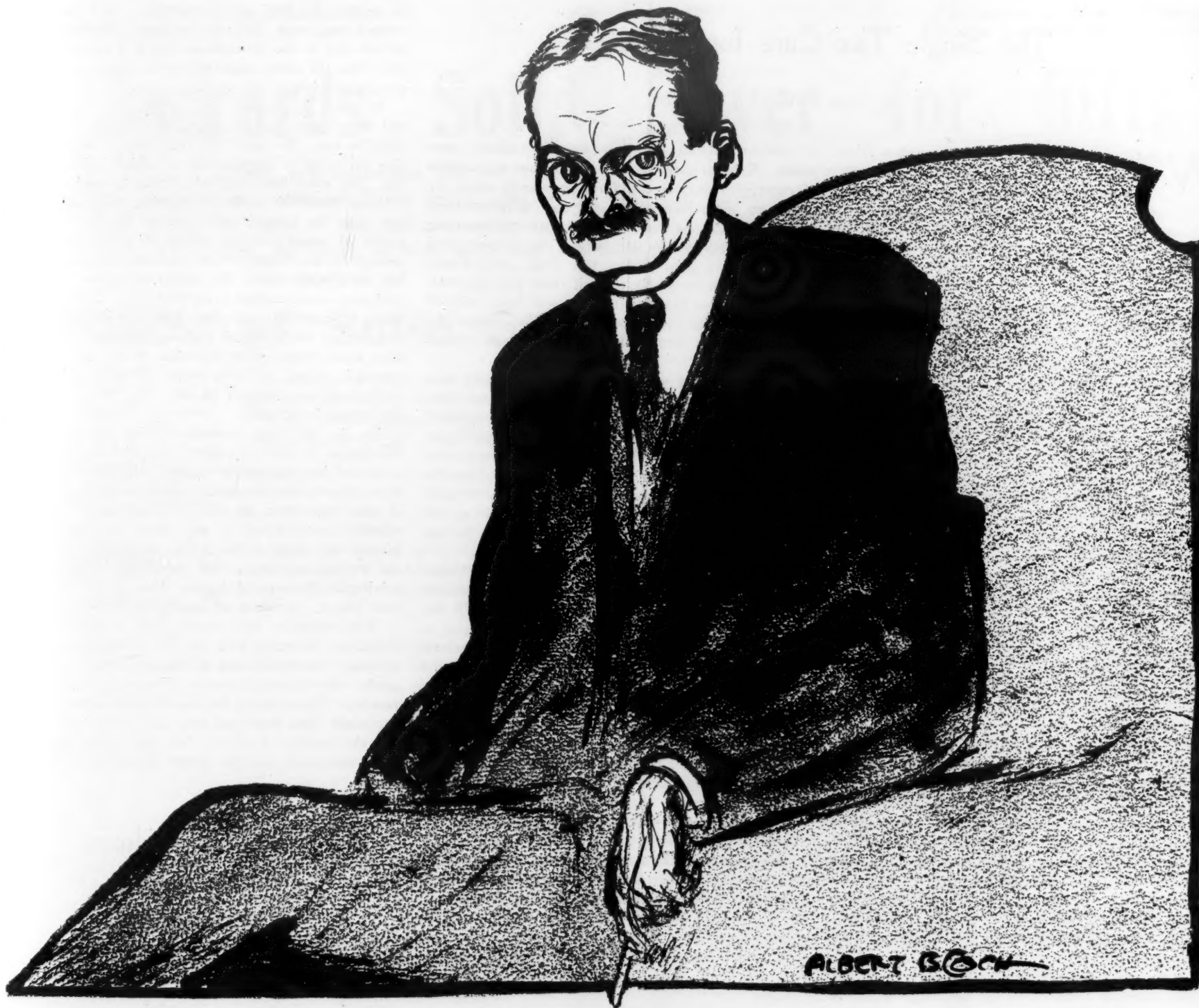
THE railroads are all coming into the President's anti-rebating camp with white flags flying. Very good. But the bill that comes to final passage on this issue will have to be carefully watched, just the same. The railroads are getting too much like the Frenchman's suddenly pious cocotte—"too good to be true."

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#### *Squabble Over the Pen*

THE Missouri Board of Prison Inspectors is Republican. It investigated the recent uprising at the Penitentiary. It exonerated the Warden, but it takes occasion to rap the Governor for political appointments to the minor positions in the institution. The Governor is a Democrat. The Inspectors think that the Republicans should have had the appointment of some of the guards. Republican guards are no better than Democratic guards. What is needed is a non-partisan Board of Prison Inspectors with power to make the appointments on a basis of fitness alone. Governor Folk has followed custom in appointments at the Penitentiary, and he has refused to permit the Republican prison board to hold-up the Warden for Republican appointments because a Republican majority in the Senate confirmed the Warden's nomination. Non-partisan, civil-service system in the appointments at the penitentiary is the remedy plainly suggested for all prison evils as revealed in this interchange of slaps between the Governor and the Prison Board.





Kindly Caricatures No. 36

## FESTUS J. WADE

**E**VEN so as above looks Mr. Festus Wade when he turns you down in his Mercantile Trust office after you've asked for an accommodation—as if he's really truly sorry. Indeed, for a banker, Mr. Wade's disposition is remarkably kind and gentle. There are few men who can say "no" as he does and then top it off with a funny story and send you away glad you didn't get the poor man's money. For geniality is his strong point, after two others—his hustle and his tenacious remembrance of old friends. We've seen him grow up from office boy to a magnate manipulating millions, and there isn't much change in him. He has done a lot of big things, and hasn't personally made so much money out of them either. He's not disgracefully wealthy, and he's a bully mixer with any sort of crowd, whether it be a bunch of priests or a group of the gang at Kinney's or the St. Louis Club, or in the growlery at Strauss'. He doesn't carry any outside signs of money. It doesn't seem to worry him at all. He just jollies along, saying, "What do we care?" and is just good fellow enough, just dignified enough, just pious enough to be very well liked in almost any circle or set. There are hundreds of people who were friends of his when he had nothing or less. They are still his friends. That's more than

something. A man who succeeds usually loses his friends, because the friends pull away, not he. Festus Wade is closer to the humbler folk of this community than any banker in town, because the people who knew him of old have not been repelled by anything in him that indicated, however faintly, that he felt himself above them. He has been a bold financier. Often has he been deemed temerarious, but he has won out big, and all this without buccaneering or ruthlessly sacrificing anyone. He has been picturesque and brilliant without being sensational or fakey. He doesn't overdo the spectacular just as he doesn't over-emphasize his democracy. There's a solidity behind his perpetual blitheness that holds him level at all times. He seems to get fun out of what others make a grim, solemn, dry, pompous business, yet without too much frivolity. He never makes a flash for the mere sake of flash and his serenity is always modest. He has never splurged as a millionaire, or socially, but maintains a respectably elegant status consistent with simplicity. Festus J. is a bright man, a good talker conversationally, a polished public speaker without any strain for ornateness. He will stick to a friend while the friend sticks to himself, and even thereafter, though his methods are strictly business withal. Ingratiating without oleaginousness, he is firm without undue bluntness, and he's not afraid to be on a losing side in politics or to stand for a man temporarily under a cloud. He has built up a great

financial institution, has figured largely in public affairs, has taken a hand in politics, has made his way up in high finance, and yet is never without time in which to do things for other people that mean only extra effort, annoyance, and never a dollar for himself. Some big financial chuffs call him flippant, but when they get to pitting wits against him, he flips them all right, for all his flippancy. He holds his youth gracefully and graciously, and he seems to do it by not carrying any burden of portentous pretense. As likable a man as ever lived in a high finance atmosphere is Festus J. Wade, and if you don't think so, start to "knock" him in any mixed crowd and find how many and prompt are the responses to the effect that he's just what he seems, and no four flusher, either as to ability or energy or genial sentiment. He appears to have made more money for other people than he has made for himself—which means he's on the square, and no mere financial trickster. And he's not "easy" at that, but has a full supply of rasping, straight talk, and gritty sarcasm when occasion demands. He's not too "soft" as to his heart, nor too hard as to his head. He's a good fellow, but up to snuff, and quicker than a cat in jumping at an opportunity in a deal. He's smooth, without being slick, and the possessor of a temperament responsive to other things than the greed for money. Though he loves "the rigor of the game," like Elia's old lady friend, he plays it with "a clean hand."



## The Single Tax Cure for Trusts

By Louis F. Post

WE recognize that there might be such a thing as a good trust. There might be commercial combinations that would reduce prices by economizing. They would indeed displace men, as machinery and other labor-saving methods do; but under just and normal conditions, there would be abundant opportunities for all who are displaced. Immediate demands for them in kindred occupations would constantly exceed the supply. Such trusts would tend to improve social conditions, instead of making them worse. Those are the kind of trusts which our pro trust friends have in mind when they defend the trust. But in fact there is no such trust in existence to-day, and under prevailing industrial conditions there can be no such trust.

The trust question as it faces us is not a question of business combination. It is a question of legal monopoly. If competitive conditions prevailed, combinations of competitive business would do no harm. They would have to do good or they could not keep the combination alive. But when businesses control legal monopolies and form combinations of these, then you have harmful trusts. And that is the kind of trust we have to-day—the kind of trust of which we complain. The trust question, I repeat, is at bottom not a question of business combinations, but a question of legal monopoly. It is not to be dealt with by restrictive laws, operating upon methods and effects. That would only make bad conditions worse. You have got to get beneath the methods and effects and get at the causes of these bad trusts. You have got to strike at the monopolies which give them their power. Abolish the legal monopolies that underlie trusts, and trusts will disappear.

Take any trust which on its face seems to be a combination of mere competitive interests. If it were so in fact, it would be a good or at least harmless trust. But scrutinize it and you will find that somehow, directly or indirectly, it depends for its power upon monopoly. It may have no monopoly by name. It may simply be taking advantage of general laws. It may depend, for example, upon the restrictions upon free competition which are imposed by tariffs. To the extent that the tariff narrows the field of competition, to that extent it fosters trusts. One of the very objects of the tariff is to produce that condition of strangled competition, without which trusts could not live. If we wish to get rid of trusts, we must sweep away the tariff and make trade as free between the people of the world as it is between the people of our States.

While single tax men demand the abolition of the tariff—offering in its place for revenue purposes an infinitely wiser and juster system of taxation, they do not suppose that the abolition of the tariff would abolish all trusts. It would abolish a good many, and weaken the foundation of a good many more. But trusts would still be fostered by other and more direct systems of legal monopolies.

Take the railroad for instance. That is a highway, and in private hands is a highway monopoly. The monopoly is not in the cars, or track, or tunnels, or buildings, or anything of that sort. It is in the right of way—in the land that constitutes the "way" as distinguished from the structure. These highways connect places, and to control them is to control traffic. Railroad corporations can form oppressive trusts because they control highway monopolies.

They can and they do more than that. They make exclusive contracts with business concerns, which form trusts upon the basis of special railroad privileges. One of the most familiar examples of this subletting

of railroad highways is furnished by express companies. Express companies thereby acquire monopolies of right of way, and can form oppressive trusts by combining these monopolies into one. Express companies are not the only class of concerns deriving monopoly privileges in that way. The cracker trust is said to have privileges of this kind. And doubtless, if you inquire closely you will learn that any trust with an innocent face derives its power from railroad privileges. Highway monopolies, then, must be abolished, if we would free ourselves from vicious trusts.

But even if that were done, trusts would still have a firm foundation to build upon. No trust can perpetuate itself unless it gets its feet upon the ground. All the advantages of tariffs and railway privileges and other monopolies will not avail trusts that come in conflict with hostile trusts which monopolize sources of supply and distributive points. Monopoly of land, then, is the ultimate basis of the trust. It is an absolute condition to success that the trust have its feet upon the earth.

This has been discovered by the great trusts. The steel trust and copper trust go back to the land and make ore mines part of their property, while the coal transportation trust of the anthracite region is careful to secure not only highways but coal mines. Railroad monopoly itself is being subjected to the more powerful monopoly of land at terminal points.

Let us follow the idea a little further. The control of trusts by trusts is clearly among the possibilities of trust development. As partnerships have merged into corporations and corporations into trusts, so will trusts merge into trusts of trusts, and finally into one all powerful trust. That is the tendency. It is already manifest, and will be a thing accomplished unless we kill the trust system.

Suppose, for example, that the steel trust should reach out until it controls all the ore mines. It would then have its feet upon the ground, and no competitor in the steel business would cope with it. But it must use coal, and here let us suppose, is one coal trust which has reached out until it controls all the coal mines. It, too, has its feet upon the ground. Suppose now that the interests of these trusts collide, and what would be the outcome but the consolidation of the two into one? That illustrates the trend of the trusts. And if not stopped, that trend will persist until the organization of trusts and their absorption into trusts of trusts eventuate in the ownership of all business by some gigantic combination.

To that triumph of the trusts most socialists look forward with satisfaction. They see in it the opportunity of the people to take possession not only of the earth but of the artificial instruments of production, also, by dethroning the single trust under whose control all business will have come. But there is no real cause for satisfaction in that. As the evolution of the trusts proceeds, trust employees become in greater and greater degree mere voting machines. It is not their convictions as citizens that they register at the polls. They vote as they are ordered to. This condition would be enormously worse if the development of the trusts proceed even approximately to the point of a universal trust. And when the time came to dethrone the trust, the voice of the people would be stifled. The trusts themselves would decide the issue. They would do it through the army of dependent voters whose livelihood they would control. It might be that they would decide in favor of the substitution of such a government trust as the socialists look forward to. But if they did, they themselves would fix

the terms. All land and all machinery might by their consent and with the vote of their dependents be turned over to the government, but it would be for a price that the trust magnates would dictate and to a government which they would control.

It is not by waiting until trusts own everything and then taking it from them that the trust question must be met. We must kill the trust by securing in time the point of vantage toward which it is advancing. We must keep its feet off the ground.

Since trusts, in order to survive, must get their feet upon the ground, must control the earth at the points of supply and the points of distribution, the abolition of all monopolies except land monopoly would fail to abolish them. By acquiring control of the land they would control everything else. So it is that single tax men, although they would abolish the tariff, though they would abolish highway monopolies, though they would repeal every law that creates or supports monopoly, would not stop there. They would strike at the mother monopoly of all. They would abolish the monopoly of land.

To do that they propose nothing revolutionary. Revolution is not necessary. All that is necessary is to tax into the public treasury the peculiar value that attaches to especially advantageous locations. If that were done, no man or combination of men, whether incorporated or not, could monopolize the sources of supply or the points of distribution without paying annually to the public the value of the privilege. That would deprive them of all advantage over others. It would lift their feet off the ground.

You remember the classic fable of Hercules and Antaeus. Hercules with all his strength could not conquer Antaeus so long as Antaeus could touch the earth. But when Hercules discovered wherein the power of his adversary lay, he lifted Antaeus from the earth and then destroyed him with ease. The trusts are the modern Antaeus. Let the people lift them from the earth and the battle against them will be won.

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## Feminine Failures

The Prelude to "Middlemarch"

By George Eliot

WHO that cares much to know the history of man, and how the mysterious mixture behaves under the varying experiments of Time, has not dwelt, at least briefly, on the life of Saint Theresa, has not smiled with some gentleness at the thought of the little girl walking forth one morning hand-in-hand with her still smaller brother, to go and seek martyrdom in the country of the Moors? Out they toddled from rugged Avila, wide-eyed and helpless-looking as two fawns, but with human hearts, already beating to a national idea; until domestic reality met them in the shape of uncles, and turned them back from their great resolve. That child-pilgrimage was a fit beginning. Theresa's passionate, ideal nature demanded an epic life; what were many-volumed romances of chivalry and the social conquests of a brilliant girl to her? Her flame quickly burned up that light fuel; and, fed from within, soared after some illimitable satisfaction, some object which would never justify weariness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self. She found her epos in the reform of a religious order.

That Spanish woman who lived three hundred years ago, was certainly not the last of her kind. Many Theresas have been born who found for themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of op-



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# Jaccards Solid Silver for Gifts

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FINE Oak Chest, as shown by illustration, 16 pieces, our "Imperial" pattern, 12 solid silver Teaspoons, a Butter Knife, Sugar Spoon, Cream Ladle and Preserve Spoon—Complete for..... } **\$24.**

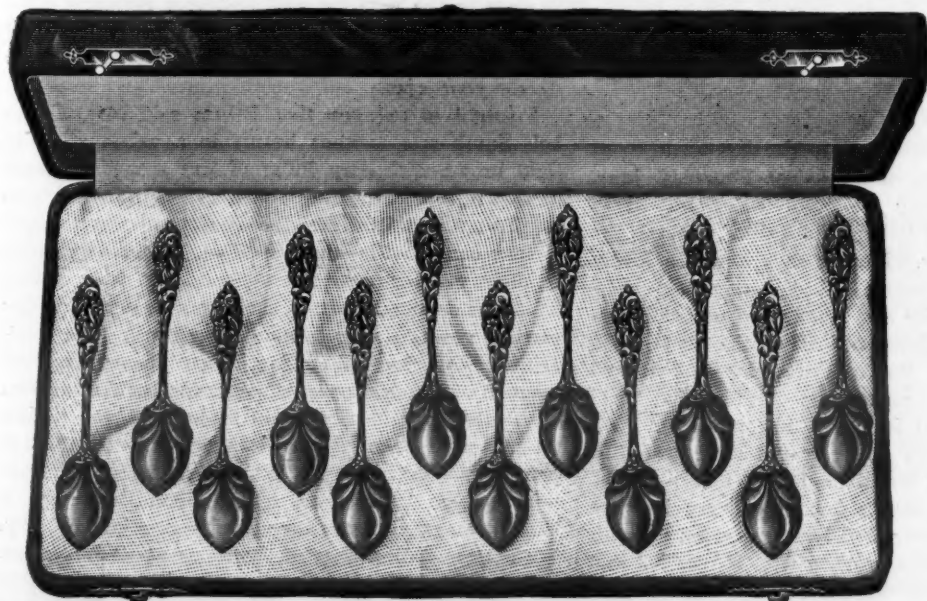
**For \$15.** Oak Chest, fitted with 9 pieces of Solid Silver, our "Laurel" pattern, 6 Teaspoons, one Cream Ladle, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 Butter Knife.

**For \$38.** Oak Chest, 22 pieces, Solid Silver, our "La France" pattern, 12 Teaspoons, 6 Table Spoons, 1 Preserve Spoon, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Spoon and 1 Cream Ladle. The fancy pieces have gold bowls.

**For \$85.** Oak Chest, fitted with 36 pieces of Solid Silver, our "La Clede" pattern, 12 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Dessert Forks, Sugar Spoon, Preserve Spoon and Cream Ladle, with Gold Lined Bowls; Pickle Fork, Butter Knife and a Cold Meat Fork with gold tines.

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**Price, \$20.00**

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portunity; perhaps a tragic failure which found no sacred poet and sank unwept into oblivion. With dim lights and tangled circumstance they tried to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement; but after all, to common eyes their struggles seemed mere inconsistency and formlessness; for these later-born Therasas were helped by no coherent social faith and order which could perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul. Their ardour alternated between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood; so that the one was disapproved as extravagance, and the other condemned as a lapse.

Some have felt that these blundering lives are due to the inconvenient indefiniteness with which the Supreme Power has fashioned the natures of women; if there were one level of feminine incompetence as strict as the ability to count three and no more, the social lot of women might be treated with scientific certitude. Meanwhile the indefiniteness remains, and the limits of variation are really much wider than any one would imagine from the sameness of women's coiffure and their favorite love stories in prose and verse. Here and there a cygnet is reared uneasily among the ducklings in the brown pond, and never finds the living stream in fellowship with its oary-footed kind. Here and there is born a Saint. Theresa, foundress of nothing, whose loving heartbeats and sobs after an unattained goodness tremble off and are dispersed among hindrances, instead of centering in some long-recognizable deed.

\*\*\*

## Blue Jay's Chatter

Dear Jane:

WHO do you think is going to be married again? Sophie Johnson, who is the widow Jones. You know her husband was Alfred Jones, and he died several years ago. She is the dashing one, awfully brunette and generally lovely, and, my goodness, but wasn't everybody just surprised, though? The man in contemplation is a certain Schaus, of New York, and he, my dearest, was married to Sophie's sister, Emily Johnson, who died many years ago, at least when Wilhelmina was a baby, which can't be more than twenty anyhow. You remember Wilhelmina Schaus, who was married in St. Louis last winter—the whole wedding party came on from New York in four or five private trains and things, and the wedding took place at the Johnson house—her grandmother's, you know—with all kinds of frills and a real lace wedding gown. Well, this is her father, Wilhelmina's—and he must be rather along in years, but I suppose one of those dignified iron-gray haired, well-groomed bankers that New York knows how to turn out, so we think it will do for Sophie. They are going to be married this winter, the last of January. Ain't it simply astonishing the way the elderly folks are taking to matrimony.

✱

Thomas Young, you know, that fine Kirkwood golf player and architect, and much-respected citizen of the suburbs, went to Chicago last week and married a sister of his first wife, a Miss Hodgman. He liked the breed evidently, though I believe he got a divorce from the other, didn't he, last summer or something? Well, anyhow, he's one. And Charlie Wiggins and Mrs. Mitchell Scott married yesterday in Santa Barbara. And all kinds of interesting rumors about that rich and elegant David G. Evans, who went to Europe last summer especially to meet some pretty girl, I can't seem to remember her name—she lives here—and they say he will be a happy bridegroom after next Easter—well, darling, you can never tell where the lightning is going to strike, can you?

✱

And do you know, honey, that Will Thompson and Ella Dustin Platt have been married ever since last

summer? It all came out when Mr. William H. Thompson died a short time ago, and the other Jay when his will was read, everybody had to know then that Will had been married for months, but kept it still, you know, for fear of being disinherited or something like that. And my conscience, such a bluff as they put up—he'n Ella. I met 'em together one night early in the season at the Olympic and I just up and asked Ella if they weren't engaged. And she had the face to tell me "No." My goodness, Jane, they weren't, were they—not ducky, not engaged at all but married and for aye. So Ella didn't fib, but of all the people to keep a secret—they showed that it can be done to the queen's taste.

✱

Winifred Irwin is here. I don't guess you remember Winifred. She is the daughter of the Doan daughter who married into the army—a Captain Irwin, he is, I think—and Winnie has come here to come out. The Doans are expected to give a good many things for her, but so far only Mrs. Brownlee has shelled out in the form of a tea. She is rather a striking girl, I think, with that nice manner which all army girls have, and that ease in meeting all kinds of people which comes of considerable travel.

✱

Dear me, I'm nearly forgetting the most important engagement of last week—Elsie Kilpatrick, my dear, what do you suppose, and Charlie Scudder. Nobody is a bit surprised because it was all up with Charlie an awfully long time ago, and, my! how he did show it! But Elsie is worth getting, and they are receiving no end of congratulations. Charlie sat in the Kilpatrick box the other night at an Odeon concert and looked the real engaged man to the life.

✱

The school children are back home for this week and next, and, my dear, you never heard of so many teas and dances for Mary Instituters and the theaters just spill over with them. I mean, of course, the youngsters that average about sixteen, think themselves twenty-four, and act—well, you know. Any of the girls are sweet and I love 'em every one. Saw that little Acuff girl, whose first name I never did know—but I know she is an Acuff because she looks just like her mother—and she has grown into a tall, slender young miss with the same delicate pretty features and the same proud carriage to her head that makes her mother the most observed and the most admired woman in any group that she graces. And Frances Jones, too, is home, prettier than ever, by Jove, with all kinds of teas and sich and going from morning till night.

✱

Hester Laughlin's marriage to the Eyetalian count came off in due course of time—last Thursday, Jane, and Mother was among the favored few invited to the church, and the Randolph Laughlins', where they had a small gathering. Mother says it was a lovely wedding, and that Hester looked just simply radiant; she is so sylph-like and blonde and graceful anyway, and her gown, Jane, was all of the finest point lace, and little Mrs. Randy wore pink and looked like a South Missouri peach, one of those that "Lil" McNair grows on that farm he had, or used to have—that sell for ten cents apiece on the corner stand in summertime. It was strictly a family affair—barrin' the George Tanseys and a few other very intimate old-time friends. Young Bob Laughlin stood up with the count and the older brother, who is married and lives in Chicago, gave the bride away. Well, dear, Hester is going to be perfectly happy, I feel it in me bones. The Genoese gent is terribly nice, so Mother says, speaks English perfectly with only a slight trace of accent, and stacks up well all around—is fine and manly and big—not a short arrangement, like most of his countrymen. But he is a Switzer on his father's side, and that accounts for his tall stature and his blonde hair. The estates of his mother, who is very high born, are large and there they will live

somewhere not far from Rome. If ever a girl deserved to be prosperous the rest of her days, it certainly is Hester. Do you remember how she went to work at farming when they found out some years ago that their wealth was not as much as heretofore? Why, darling, she raised lettuce for the Chicago market the good part of two years I do believe, and they tell me had an immense trade, and that it was the best lettuce that ever flowered—I mean seeded—no, I don't mean headed—there!—And, my dear, how many girls that you and I both know would have gone to cultivating violets instead, because violets, begorry, are nice and sweet-smelling and lettuce is so commonplace but necessary. Give me the vegetable cultivators every time, in preference to the flower dillettantes.

✱

The Woman's Club play came off—they say John Rohan's beard beard did, too—only his wife who was there, told me afterwards, when I laughed at her about not sticking it on better with some library paste or something, that it was meant to come off. All of which sounds very well, my dear, but does not betoken true wifely interest in her husband's make-up, does it, now? Anyhow the play was so-so—as Felicia Judson Calhoun told me the next day—not very uplifting and entirely un-intellectual, but harmless amusement for one night stands in the town where one is born, and the supper, she said, was perfectly elegant. Not a large crowd—just nice and exclusive, with no dancing and all the elderly members and their husbands out in full force. Felicia, who is looking awfully well this winter—getting stout and it is becoming—said Mrs. Dan Houser was a dream in a black low-cut gown—not too low, Jane—her's never are—but there were some one night lately—oh, my! oh, my!—and one brought from Paris, too, and worn by a member of the old families—and that'll be about all for her, Jane—and Mrs. Laidley wore pink; she is awfully partial to pink and this was a kind of Marie Antoinette thingumabob—and Mrs. Charles Tracy was in black velvet—stunning—and Mrs. Thompson—her husband's name is John, but I don't know her and always get mixed up on the Thompsons anyhow, wore some perfectly gorgeous diamonds—a necklace and big spray across the waist of her gown which was all of point lace—our women are getting to dress more than ever, Jane. It must be the rage for gold and very elaborate trimmings, for a sight of the St. Louis Club ballroom at twelve o'clock any night lately, has been enough to dazzle your eyes.

I forgot to tell you that Felicia said Mrs. Campbell Smith was another beauty in a velvet affair in light brown with deep collar of lace around the neck in real old Elizabethan style—very smart, you know, to effect these historical kind of things—only a pretty woman can stand it—the rest of us, Jane, have to stick to plain 1905 or 1906 clothes, and I do wish Father would understand that I can't get along with five evening gowns a year to save my gizzard. The *Post-Dispatch* last Sunday, darling, printed an article about what it cost a debutante to wear for her first season, with all things itemized, you know, and one of 'em was "twenty pairs of silk stockings at two dollars a pair." Just fawncy! As if any girl in this old town ever owned twenty pairs all to once—if we get a half dozen on Christmas we think we're darned lucky, don't we? And another of the items was "Five street dresses." Which is nonsense. No girl can wear that many cloth suits a season here, anyway. She might in New York, but in St. Louie she can scratch along very well with two, and make up the rest of the list on silk gowns for teas and receptions. I see *Town Topics* had a wind-up of our society here—did you get the pictorial number that I mailed you to London?—in which it said Mrs. Daniel Catlin and Mrs. F. D. Hirschberg were the leaders all year in society, and that their entertainments had been out of sight.

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True. So far out of sight that nobody ever did see 'em. Mrs. Catlin's daughter Irene, who does most of the entertaining, was in bad health all last winter, and in Florida and Europe all spring and summer, so that counts the Catlins out. The Hirschbergs always give many dinners whenever they want to show hospitality, but their large affairs have been minus.

Neither have the Howard Benoists done anything, being in deep mourning, while Mrs. Charles Tracy, who was also mentioned as throwing her money right and left for caterers and florists, hasn't had a striped awning out in front of her house once all the last year, for Nellie was away nearly all the time. Mrs. D. R. Calhoun's picture was the only St. Louis woman in the bunch, and it showed up with remarkable and beautiful contrast, I can tell you, alongside some of those New York and Philadelphia frumps of old families, but no features to speak of.

Say Jane, you must hear of that horrid concert given by the Choral Symphony last Tuesday. I'm told that even Mr. Herbie Witherspoon was disgusted at the solo work which Edith—I mean Mr. John—Davis—said he must do, or she would get some one else. Herbie said he sent them a list of songs nearly a mile long, then he said the committee telegraphed to send another mile, and then they had the gall to ask him to sing the "Pro Peccatis," which hasn't anything more to do with Christmas than an ermine boa has to do with a red hot day in the tropics. But Herbie had to do what Edith said, or lose his \$250. Everything went wrong, Jane. First there were no programmes, and that dear, sweet little Dr. Saxl, whom all the girls adore,—especially under the nickname affectionately given him by dear, delightful Emily Howard—was rushing around like mad. Just as I came in, dear, and had carefully walked for inspection and note in front of the society reporter, I saw him with a small hand full of pink slips, which I heard him say he had got out of the old Calve programmes in Mr. Strine's office. I was wondering how on earth he was going to make eighteen programs go around among two thousand folks, when in came a huge bundle of the real thing. I then heard the osculatory—excuse me oculatory—Herr, mutter under his breath, Saved! Saved!! And do you know, Jane, the ushers started down the aisle, shuffling and dealing out programs; then everybody commenced turning the leaves to find out what the orchestra was fiddling, and "The March of the Knights of the Holy Grail" sounded like one of Kunkel's "Autumnal Storms"—only more so—there was such a racket. Then to make things worse, Jimmy Quarles, who poses

in the "calcium light of public opinion" (that's a quotation from George Ade, Jane) had to be continually doing a double back action stunt over the organ bench, as that pesky instrument cut up such capers, and refused to be played upon. Then, to return to the programmes, they were a perfect mess of bad spelling. They didn't even call Mr. Witherspoon, Herbie, as I have done, but they just read "Witherspoon and orchestra." Wasn't that low? And the worst thing of all was when the "newly organized" got up to do their "Hallelujah" stunt. Edith rose in her box, and so did Mrs. Dave, and then everybody got up reluctantly, and instead of listening in respectful silence with a Christmas-like droop of the head, what do you think nearly everybody did? Why, commenced reaching for wraps, overcoats, hats—you know, in St. Louis, it is real stylish to wear a hat to a concert. None of the society reporters mentioned that Mrs. Dave Calhoun wore her sable instead of ermine furs at the concert. They also forget to mention that Mr. Dave came later gowned in his business suit, and shook hands with his wife as if he was awful glad to see her. I bet he was, too. If there is an ideal couple in St. Louis, it is Mr. and Mrs. David Calhoun, and Mrs. Dave looks as if she's sure she's in it, since *Town Topics* printed her portrait—a mighty good one, too—in its review of the year's society events, as about the onliest whole thing in the social way in this here town.

Did I tell you how delighted some of us were about the fact that one of our folks came up strong in the recent birthday honors bestowed by King Edward VII? I mean the Alexander Forbes-Leiths. I cull you the tale for your edification from a recent reminiscence letter in the San Francisco *Argonaut*. It seems that in the summer of 1870 he was serving aboard the *Zealous*, a British iron clad, stationed at San Francisco in readiness if necessary to participate in any international trouble that might involve Great Britain as a result of the Franco-Prussian war. The officers of the ship were entertained and they entertained in return. Alec Leith was then a lieutenant. He was a handsome young Scotchman, tall and fair, with fascinating manners and winning ways, and he soon won the admiration, not to say the affections, of several of the prettiest girls. This was at first, however, for soon it was noticed that he devoted himself chiefly to girls who were supposed to be heiresses, and so anxious did he appear to be to gain a rich wife that girls grew to regard him with feelings of distaste. Crestfallen, he was about to give up in despair, when one fine day, at an afternoon dance on board the *Zealous*, there appeared a new young lady. She was a Miss January from St. Louis, traveling with

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an aunt. It soon got out that she was an heiress in her own right. Immediately Lieutenant Leith was on the warpath. The girl was nice looking and well dressed, but not pretty. But that didn't signify to Leith. She had the golden charms he was after. And, best of all there was no "popper" to consider. Besides which she would inherit all the aunt's money. It was amusing to watch the young man's seige. Several other young men of the day tried their luck. But they hadn't the ghost of a chance beside the lieutenant. Well, the end of it was that Miss January accepted Leith, and shortly afterward returned to St. Louis. The foreign complications over, the *Zealous* sailed for England to pay off and go out of commission, and Leith sailed in her. Society soon forgot him. On reaching England, he resigned from the navy and proceeded to St. Louis where, in 1871, he and Miss January were married. For some years after they lived in Chicago, where, to satisfy the lady's trustees as to her husband's business capacity (a requirement of her father's will), Leith opened a hardware store, and conducted a hardware business, eventually returning to Scotland, where he bought back the family estates and seat, Fyvie Castle, and there he has ever since lived the life of a wealthy squire, doling out munificences, and lavishly subscribing to this, that and the other. During the Boer war his donations were princely. He raised, fitted out, and maintained at his own expense one or two companies of Lovatt's Scouts, and was ungrudging in his money help to carry on the war. Of course, his name went down on the King's list for royal recognition in due course of time. Meanwhile, his maternal grandfather died, and he obtained through his mother some more money and the right to prefix the grandfather's name Forbes to that of Leith. He thus became Mr. Forbes-Leith,

and as such he has just been made a baron. What title he will select has not yet transpired. But by people who know the history of his greatness, and the potent share in it that is due to American dollars, it has been suggested that he should decide upon "Lord January of St. Louis."

You'll hear, later, all about the suspension of two members of the St. Louis Club. They stayed at the club playing pool until 4 a. m., and one of 'em lost \$14.99 and got mad, and both of them swore awful at one another to the scandal of the waiters. So one goes out for one year, and the other for six months. I won't give names.

Jane, I'm dead since Christmas, and this week is awful—forty teas every day, and the Crouch ball to-night—Nellie is giving it—they dress that girl sumptuously, I do declare—I am crazy to see what she will wear—she has Ida—Mrs. Williams now lives in New York—beaten a city block on style to my mind—terrible round lately—and I've not yet told you a word about the first Imperial, but that will have to come next time.

Dead loads of love and kisses, ducky.

BLUE JAY.

## The End of Their "Affaire"

By Catulle Mendes

UNDER the soft light of the wax candles they sat in the luxurious dining-room of the man's bachelor establishment. Monsieur d'Argeles was leaning back in his chair, his eyes half closed. His companion gazed at him in happiness. What risks she had run—she a woman hedged about with honor and respect, the wife of a man whose sole joy and pride she was! The hours that had passed since she had quitted her husband's home in the twilight seemed years. She had told the servants that she was going to visit her mother, and then, taking a cab, she had come to the home of her lover. She had trembled with fear as she opened the gate in the garden wall with the key he had handed to her the evening before at the Opera. Crossing the turf and mounting a stairway she had found herself in a strange room, where for the first time she had met her lover alone.

Now, thinking back through the hours that had just passed, she felt that some awful catastrophe must soon overtake her. Her husband, with his impetuous nature, his tremendous physical strength, would never allow this crime to pass unpunished. He would surely kill either her or himself.

Well, what of it! She would not look into the abyss of the future; she would drive away all forebodings, wrapped in the intoxication of loving and being loved. Her bliss was not too dearly bought, even at the price of life itself. Oh, the divine moments with which these hours had been filled! How closely he had drawn her to him as he vowed eternal loyalty, even to death's hour!

Yet no one knew better than she that up to that day Monsieur d'Argeles had led a life that had been far from spotless. She had heard women whisper behind fans, with meaning smiles, of more than one affair of gallantry. But now he was done with all that. Now he loved truly; he had sworn it. And had he not indeed proved it by six weary months of persistent wooing and ardent supplications? Now he was hers, as she was his, wholly, passionately; and the guilt of their connection would be atoned for by the sublimity of their love. They would rehabilitate themselves by the intensity of their happiness.

While she gloried thus in the wrongdoing that had brought her bliss, the clock struck twelve. Monsieur d'Argeles started, and leaning toward her to touch the perfumed masses of her hair, said softly:

"How fast the hours of happiness always fly! My dearest one, how I regret that it is time for you to leave me!"

She drew back with a sudden shiver from the touch of his fingers, and looked at him in bewilderment.

"I leave you?" she said.

"Of course, my darling; your servants must not suspect, and you must be at home before your husband returns from his club."

With a low cry she sprang up from her chair, and drew away from him. Then, pale and wide-eyed, she spoke, hurling her words at him with passionate intensity.

"Are you mad? I leave you? I go away, so as not to arouse suspicion? So my husband and his servants may not suspect? What husband? What servants? Have I a husband any more? Have I a home? You said to me: 'Come.' I came. Can I ever return after such a departure? From this time I go nowhere except with you! Yes, I have a home—your home. If you had no shelter for your head, then I, too, would be a wanderer. Leave you? Oh you didn't say that—I must have misunderstood you."

She paused a moment with a half-stifled sob. Then, as she caught the look in his face, she went on in a changed tone: "What! You do not answer? You

## Our January Sales

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The sets for Bridal Trousseaux were never so varied and attractive.

One set of three pieces is especially worthy of mention, trimmed as it is with Irish Lace, the drawers alone retailing at \$30.00.

We also show an exceedingly pretty set of six pieces trimmed attractively with Swiss embroidery medallions, ripple flounces of Val lace and insertions and ribbons; price of set complete, \$12.87.

Much may be said of our display of French Hand made Lingerie, which we import direct—the volume, daintiness of style and moderate prices of which would prove creditable to the largest houses in this country.

For extra size garments for stout figures, our stock was never so complete.

The very plainest garments as well as those most attractively trimmed, and in the newest and most up-to-date styles are shown.

Our Corset Section offers in this sale exceptional values.

To those looking for a perfect fitting corset, we wish to say that we are to-day catering to and pleasing the most fastidious and best corseted women in St. Louis.

Our sale of Black Petticoats, Sateen, Italian Cloth and Brilliantine, is one worthy of investigation.

Values given are in many instances less than half the original prices.

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turn your head away? Ah, then, it is true! You really wish me to leave you—no doubt to come again to-morrow evening, as I did this evening, and go home again, as to-night. You wish me to say to my husband when he comes to me: 'My mother is much better; it was only a trifling indisposition—nothing more.' Before I fall asleep at his side you would have me invent another pretext for the next time. You miserable wretch! Oh, how unhappy I am!"

Again she paused and looked at him fixedly. "And so you thought that I should be yours without ceasing to be another's; that we should meet only when I could slip away from him. Yes, I understand now. What you ask of me is a calculating love; one that is timid and secret, that takes precaution; a false, lying love, that would betray you to him and him to you, while I smile impartially on both. I know there are women capable of such baseness—women who hold their own self-respect cheap in comparison with the esteem of the world—women to whom the only sin is to be found out.

"Do you think I will live like them, eternally on guard, watching every word, every look, every gesture; pretending scarcely to know the man I love; never writing, never leaving letters about? I tell you I am not of that kind. I have given myself to you wholly and forever. It is not for an hour—it is for my entire life. I have broken with my past; nothing is left. I consented to crime, but not to shame. I will not be shared and I will not lie. I accept—I wish for—mocking words, contempt, anger. And I expect your courage to equal mine. You dare not be a coward if you love me."

The words had poured from her lips in a torrent; with a gesture of finality she seemed to throw off like filthy rags the empty honor of a good name, the false modesties of the world and society and all hypocritical prejudices.

There was a moment's silence. Then Monsieur d'Argeles showed himself the clever man of the world that he was. He had been careful not to interrupt her. Now he went to her and tenderly took her hand in his.

"You know that I adore you," he said, "that at a sign from you I would gladly die for you. Ah! and because of that very love I bear you, I wish to spare you every danger and mortification. For myself I would ask nothing better than to be always with you; that is my constant dream. No danger, no risk would make me falter were it a question only of myself. But at the price even of untold suffering for myself I must guard your honor, your reputation. It is for me to see that the finger of scorn is never pointed at you. The world is merciless; you do not know how cruelly it avenges itself on those who defy it."

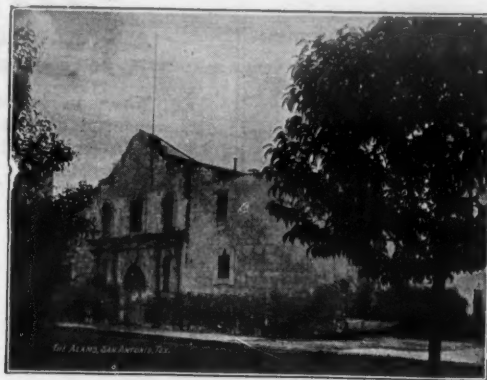
And Monsieur d'Argeles went on with skilful insistence, painting to her so terrible a picture of the life of a social outcast that she bowed before the fervent arguments, yielded to his tender caresses.

For a time she was silent, her head bent in an attitude of resignation. Then she asked as a boon not to be forced to leave so soon. She could stay a little longer without danger, she said; she would write to her husband telling him that her mother was worse and that she would stay part of the night with her. If Monsieur d'Argeles would have his valet send the letter to her husband's club by a messenger—

"A splendid idea," declared the lover.

She sat down, wrote, sealed the letter and gave it herself to the servant with swift directions. Then, smiling and casting all thoughts of bitterness and anger aside, she walked over to her lover, seated in his big armchair, and laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder while she whispered to him, softly kissing his hair.

She was another woman now. The love that had intoxicated had given way to the love that amused her. No longer did she beg for assurances of his love. Now she said coquettishly: "Am I not pretty?"



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(Mirror.)

She conceded even that she had been very extravagant in her ideas a few moments before. Fine sentiments were all very well in books; in real life they were impracticable. How fortunate it was that he was judicious and had prevented her from doing anything foolish! To leave her husband, publish her infidelity! How could she have thought of such an absurdity?

Henceforward she would do his will implicitly. How skilfully she would manage affairs! He would see with what ingenuity she would find occasion for their meetings.

"My husband shall suspect nothing, I shall be so clever. To disarm his suspicions I shall be more devoted, more tenderly caressing than ever before. Oh, how I shall dupe him! And when I have played him some unusually good trick we shall enjoy laughing over it together. Won't that be fine?"

Monsieur d'Argeles contentedly expressed his approval. He was glad to see her won over to practical ideas. He was not the man to adapt himself to a highly strung and passionate woman. He disliked to have his serenity shadowed by violent outbursts of emotion. In this new mood she exactly suited him. He even decided to prolong this intrigue, since there would be no risk in it of compromising him. With these thoughts in his mind he kissed her ardently, almost sincerely.

Suddenly he heard the sound of a footstep on the stairway ascending from the garden.

"Who is that?" he exclaimed.

Then she arose with gleaming eyes and cried: "It is my husband. I have told him all. I sent him the key of the gate in the garden wall." As the door gave way to furious blows she added, carried away by the ecstasy of her avenged love: "My husband, who will kill us both—me, the adulteress; you, the coward!"

*From Tales.*

\*\*\*

## The Still Voice

By Frank T. Marzials

*"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord."*

**M**ETHOUGHT all kindlier vails were then withdrawn,  
So that I saw this earth on which we dwell  
Naked and shameless;—and it seemed a hell  
On whose wild horror never hope would dawn.

For men in most part were but as the spawn  
Of evil;—ay, I saw them, fierce and fell,  
Mumbling dry bones of life; I saw them sell  
Honour itself, and place their souls in pawn  
To Lust and Folly; and I saw the strong  
Pashing the weak with heavy hoofs of wrong,  
And through the ages Right a slave to Might.

So then I cried, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

And a Still Voice made answer from the height,  
"Child, all these things are ever in My sight."

♦♦

## The Garden of Palms

By Bessie L. Russell

**O**NCE there was a woman, and she was passing fair. She did not realize though, that she was fair, so busy was she in seeing how fair the world was.

One day she visited a garden, green with growing palms. The air was alive with the music of singing birds and redolent of flower and shrub,

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"Fairer than ever is life!" cried the woman joyously. "I must pass this way again."

A decade passed,—then two of them. The woman visited the garden of palms. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were caroling joyously and flower and shrub emitted fragrance as of old, yet the woman failed to rhapsodize.

"What is it that I miss?" she said desperately. "What am I searching for?"

But it did not require the growing palms, nor sweet smelling flowers, nor the voices of birds to tell, for her own heart made answer. Unquiveringly it said: "You are searching for your lost—youth."

♦♦

## De Flagello Myrteo

135.

**L**ET not Love unfit thee for Life lest he himself reproach thee, saying, "Why hast thou made thy good angel thy evil genius."

136.

As *Ianthe's* soul arose "in naked purity" from the prison of the body, so comes Love to Love when he can free himself from the trammels of the world.

137.

Is life worth living? This if thou inquire,

Coupled with the marvelous growth of St. Louis, Kansas City and the Great Southwest, is the corresponding improvement and ever increasing popularity of the

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'Tis probable that thou hast never lived,  
And palpable that thou hast never loved.

138.

Wisdom but sounds, not sifts, the deep of Love:  
The plummet never yet brought up the pearl.

139.

The most exquisite passages of Love have least relation to the realities of life: as myrrh, in becoming perfume, ceases to be medicine.

140.

Aesculapius and his serpent discourse sagely touching the infirmities of Eros.

141.

The less ethereal works and ways of Love  
Contemn not, lest thy scorn slur Love himself,  
Who wrought them not had he not need of them.



The time is now at hand to give attention to your

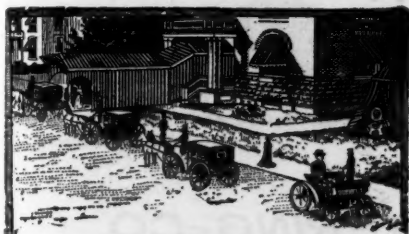
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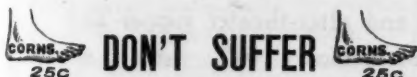
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### Theatrical

#### The Darling of the Gods.

That magnificent, subtle, symbolic story of mediæval Japan, "The Darling of the Gods," playing the holiday's engagement at the Garrick this week, has been welcomed on its return to St. Louis as such meritorious productions should be. It is staged with all the wealth of scenery and costume and glamour of Orientalism that marked its successful run here during the World's Fair period. There is but one change of importance in the cast since then—Miss Percy Haswell succeeds Miss Blanche Bates, in the role of *Yo San*—and that does not in the least reduce the measure of enjoyment. On the contrary, it is like getting something to "boot" in a trade. Miss Haswell is a capable actress on her own account. If you wish to be assured of this, go and see her. It matters not to her if it were Bernhardt or Rejane that went before. She's there with just as stunning a conception of the admirable *Yo San*. In fact, Miss Haswell defies the "ojus" thing called comparison, because she isn't trying to outpoint Miss Bates, but to present *Yo San* as she sees her, as she thinks the public pictures her, as well as the playwright. Miss Haswell is natural, and there is always about her the suggestion that she's "onto her job." And before the story has been fairly started she has the audience thinking mostly of her, and only a little of her predecessor. The others in the big cast do their parts with the sincerity and skill of artists. Robert T. Haines, playing the outlaw *Prince Kara*, after Eugene Ormonde, is strong and impressive, both as lover and later as martyr in the more tragic scenes. *Zak-kuri* is played delectably by Frederick A. Thomson, and it is a role that in some respects is more difficult and interesting than any in the drama. The support given by the others in the cast is thorough, and on the whole, this presentation of the popular Belasco piece is the equal of that during the World's Fair.

"Way Down East," playing at the Century this week, is just the sort of piece to have on, about Christmas time. It kind of helps along the human sentiments of fellowship and charity, which are rather weak at best. Besides, nearly everybody who goes to theater at all is familiar with this rural drama and its democratic realism—its horses and its Jerseys, its sleighs and its snow storm, and mountains, and meadows, and Nature's presence generally. Many who are seeing "Way Down East" this week have seen it oft before, and are none the less pleased for all its age. It's a play that tells a true story, and presents it in a way that is real, too, and the finish is such as to make the production a powerful lever for good.

But if there were nothing else to attract attention in the production, Miss Phoebe Davies, who plays the part of the deceived outcast, would, in herself, be sufficient entertainment. Miss Davies is long with the show, and has enacted the same role many times, but the life she imparts to it is not the result alone of familiarity with the part, but rather the revelation of the artist in her. Miss Davies is a mighty enjoyable *Anna Moore*. There is nothing in her presentation of the part that demands the presence of levee builders or hydraulic engineers to protect the audience, but it is forcefully, sincerely and artistically done, nevertheless. Miss Davies seems most admirably fitted by nature for such a role, the note of sadness being strong in her pretty face and eyes.

The support of the principal is effective throughout. Robert A. Fischer gives a tolerable impersonation of the old squire, who lives according to scripture; likewise Mary Davenport, as the squire's wife. Ulric B. Collins does

not impress very favorably as the son who loves *Anna*, despite his father's hostility and the gossips. He's willing enough, apparently, but there's some-

thing incongruous in his work that gives the impression of frigidity—he doesn't make love "according to Hoyle," or any of the authorities, if there are any.

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Bock Panatela, 2 for 25 cents. Carolina Perfecto, 20 cents.

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Petite Genevieve Cliff would "go" some if she had a better chance. She is a bright little beauty, with most effective stage manner, which with her dramatic talent, should be put to better advantage than it is in "Way Down East." Ella Hugh Wood is an amusing village gossip and spinster, and it's too bad she isn't heard from oftener.

Frank Currier, the absent-minded "bugologist," furnishes the greater part of the fun of the piece. Mr. Currier's comedy is of the mild sort, appropriate to the hunter of butterflies, but it is much more desirable than the braying of John E. Brennan in the role of *Hi Holler*, and worse still, Mr. Brennan is capable of better things than these asinine effusions. Burt Flansburg, James T. Galloway and Frank Symonds are other capables in the cast.

A very pleasing feature of the production is the singing of the quartette, composed of Estelle Ward, Jeanne Millard, John H. Mile and Adam Warmouth. They render capitally several selections, including the "Old Oaken Bucket" and pieces of later production.

"Humpty Dumpty" in its second week at the Olympic, shows no sign of growing stale, with the theater-goers, or rather, the lovers of the spectacular. The big production is now being staged more smoothly than it was the first week, the employees having grown accustomed to the theater and trappings. The beautiful pictures of the aerial ballet and other fairy-like scenes and pantomimic comedy, furnish pleasure and entertainment for old and young. The audiences continue to tax the house.

Bud Mantz (one of the morning papers abused him the other day by referring to him as Walter), is looking ahead to January 8. That's to be Bud's red letter night—his benefit night—and a mighty good show, Joe Cawthorne, in a new piece, "Fritz in Tammany Hall," will be the attraction. Joe Cawthorne ought to be well remembered by the veterans, and some of the younger, middle-aged theater-goers. Joe, years ago, in the seventies, appeared—as it at the old Comique?—as a boy prodigy, and his name appears on the bills of those days—you can see it in that precious historical collection of theater posters that Harry Knapp possesses. Joe, as a "master," was a good entertainer, and now he is regarded as one of the kings of comedy.

George Sidney is *Busier Izzier* in his new piece, "Busy Izzy's Vacation." His exploits are more numerous and laughable than ever. Mr. Sidney's Hebrew impersonation for which he is justly famous, though overdone or greatly exaggerated, is accepted without question by his army of admirers in this city. The new show is full of "go," and in addition to musical and chorus hits, has all the varieties of fun, rough and ready and otherwise. The Irish comedy of Mr. Kennedy is a trifle like Mr. Sidney's Hebrew, somewhat impossible in spots but funny as fun goes in this kind of shows.

"Fighting Fate," a new melodrama at the Imperial this week, is notable for its pictures of the American metropolis of to-day. Many places of prominence are represented in the scenes, and as a whole, the staging of the piece represents the best work of the carpenters and electricians and scene painters. A company of tolerably good actors and actresses are presenting the drama, which hinges upon the result of a horse race. The piece is peopery and has several tensely dramatic situations, all of which are well handled. Carry Lamont is the principal in the cast. She very cleverly plays two parts—that of Larry, a stable boy, and of Grace, his



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sister. Miss Nelly Cullen does some very creditable acting, and the work of J. Angus Gustam and William A. Tulley, who have leading parts, is up to the standard. The play is a good holiday attraction for Imperial patrons.

The Tiger Lillies' show at the Standard is one of the best of the season at this playhouse. Two extravaganzas, "A Temporary Husband" and "The King of the Coffee Fiends," furnish plenty of amusement. Alex. Carr, in Hebrew impersonation, La Veen and Cross, physical culturists; Richard W. Craig, musical comedian; Ezra and Webb, in funny stunts; Cunningham and Lord, dancers; Will J. Cook, in vocal numbers, and Jeannette Sherwood, are among the principal entertainers.

J. E. Howard sings a bunch of lively songs at the Gayety this week, among them a new one, "Oh, Mr. Telephone, Man Give Me Back My Dime," Frank Damsel, another singer, furnishes good entertainment. Then there is a quartette, the Bowery Boys, that also give a first-class musical spread. And Kitty Birmingham who reveals a good soprano voice. Besides, there are the Berg sisters; Bert Wiggins, Irish comedian; Abe Reynolds, Hebrew comedian; and other specialists. A two-act musical farce, "The Sultan's Dream," is the chief source of fun and entertainment.

**Coming Attractions.**

Next Monday afternoon (New Year's matinee), at the Garrick, Bertha Kalich, an actress who has achieved wide fame in Europe and in the Jewish theaters of New York, will make her first appearance in St. Louis as an English-speaking star, presenting Maurice Maeterlinck's drama, "Monna Vanna," a play that has only recently closed a most successful New York engagement. Miss Kalich is already classed by many critics among the foremost American actresses. She is but 30 years old, but for several years has been presenting plays in five different tongues. Now she is master of six languages. She has had a wide theatrical experience and is thoroughly trained for the part of "Monna Vanna," a role so difficult of interpretation and so exacting that Madame Maeterlinck, for whom the piece was written, and several German actresses of note, honestly confessed their inability to do it justice. The action of the play takes place in Pisa, Italy, at the close of the fifteenth century.

Commencing next Sunday with a matinee performance of "The Pit," Wilton Lackaye will open a week's engagement at the Century. Besides "The Pit," "Tribby" will be presented. Miss Jane Oaker, a St. Louis girl, is principal in the supporting company. There will be a special matinee New Year's Day.

Sam Bernard will be the Olympic star attraction the first week of the new year, presenting "The Rollicking Girl." Hattie Williams is the leading supporter.

Young Kellar, the magician, with a fund of new and mysterious acts and scenes, plays a week at the Grand, commencing with a matinee next Sunday.

Coming to the Imperial next Sunday for a week, is a new melodrama, "The Runaway Boy," which presents some pathetic and stirring scenes. Joseph Santley, will play the leading part.

The Utopian Burlesquers, presenting a clever travesty and high-class specialties, comes to the Standard Sunday for a week's engagement.

"Vanity Fair" is the attraction the Gayety will present the first week of the new year.

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The *Cosmopolitan* for January, among other interesting contributions, presents a characteristic story by H. G. Wells, "In the Days of the Comet;" an interesting description of the domestic problem in the Tolstoy home, by W. T. Stead; an instructive article by Theodore Waters, "Out With a Moving Picture Machine," and a farcical contribution from Charles Battelle Loomis, "The Cannibals and Mr. Buffum." In addition there is a comprehensive article, on electricity and its advancement, especially in the telephone service, by George H. Guy. The article shows how the automatic telephone switchboard is soon to take the places of the large force of girls that are now employed in the central offices.



Only Personally Selected Artistic Novelties, at The Gift Shop, 4635 Maryland Ave.



## Letters From the People

HUMAN AND DIVINE AUTHORITY FOR USURY.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Your article on "the man behind the knife and scales" has caused a great deal of discussion in several large cities, among which are New York, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans and St. Louis. Judas Iscariot has had his defenders, but rarely has a good word been spoken of *Shylock* and his kind. In reality, *Shylock* was a human being, as he indicated when he said: "If you prick me, do I not bleed?" But because of religious prejudice, each succeeding generation accepted *Shylock* as the type and embodiment of all that is heartless and sordid. He simply turned, as a worm will turn, when trampled on. It is a popular error to suppose that Shakespeare intended to do *Shylock* an injustice. The money-lender was, by the dramatist, accorded a fair hearing, and he spoke with an eloquence which would have caught the sympathetic Christian ear, had he not belonged to the reviled race. Was gold his god? Did he love filthy lucre abnormally? *Antonio*, a Christian and high-toned merchant, went to *Shylock* for money. *Shylock* expressed surprise, and reminded *Antonio* of former persecutions. *Antonio* admitted that he had often met *Shylock* and called him "dog," and spat upon him, adding: "I am as like to call thee so again, to spit on thee again, to spurn thee, too." (With his foot.) "If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not as to thy friends (for when did friendship take heed for barren metal of his friend?) But lend it rather to thine enemy, who, if he break, thou mayst with better face exact the penalty." Then came *Shylock's* reply, and it does not sound as if he had "coined his heart to ducats." Here is what *Shylock* answered the man who had footed him: "Why, look you how you storm! I would be friends with you and have your love, forget the shame that you have stained me with, supply your present wants and take no dole of usance for my monies." *Antonio* glibly agreed to receive the favor of a loan without interest, free, gratis and for nothing. The "pound of carrion flesh" which he was to pay as forfeit, that was only a laughing matter. Could anything have been more coldly and cruelly selfish than *Antonio's* conduct up to this point in the proceedings? But it has been fashionable to load all the odium upon the human being whom *Antonio* wronged.

The precedent established by the merchant of Venice has been faithfully followed. And solemn legislatures—some of them boodle legislatures—have passed laws favoring the heartless and improvident rake who borrows money and then pleads the "baby act," as against the money-lender who helps him through a financial strait when all other sources of relief are closed against him!

I know a large manufacturer whose plant occupies a thirty-acre tract near St. Louis, who boasts that every nickel he has in the world is the result of an accommodation extended to him during a crisis by a money-lender.

One of the largest dry goods stores in St. Louis was once helped through a tight place, which came near swamping it, by a despised money-lender, when the so-called banks refused to advance a dollar.

A St. Louis real estate man who is worth a million delights to tell how he was once saved from bankruptcy by a friendly money-lender, whom he found charitable, agreeable and generous. Scores of similar cases could be cited.

Why should laws be passed against the money-lender? Do not banks lend money? Is not money lending the biggest end of the banking business?

The difference between the banker

and the money-lender is that the latter has no sign out, often works without compensation; sometimes takes desperate chances; does what others fear to do, and takes his risk for which he asks compensation.

There are times when money is indeed dross, and there are times when an apple would ransom a king. There are times when a few dollars are a matter of great pith and moment; yes, a matter of life and death; and the citizen who has been shielded from the inhumanity of his fellows by a money-shark does not count as too high the bounty paid for the favor.

This is why, with all the cackle, we have had money lenders among us since the days when the Scriptures took cognizance of the poor, and of those who succor the poor, and sanctioned the money-lender in unequivocal terms, like the following:

St. Matthew, 25th chapter, 27th verse: Thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

St. Luke, 19th chapter, 23d verse: Wherefore then gavest thou not my money into the bank that at my coming I might have acquired mine own with usury.

HUGH A. WETMORE.

IS CHRISTMAS LIKE IT USED TO BE?

St. Louis, December 22, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I have often heard this expression within the past two weeks. "Christmas isn't like it used to be years ago." They who are quite well advanced in years say that of many other things and festivals, but the fact is, Christmas isn't like it was years ago to any but the poorer classes? They still hold Christmas in reverence and respect, even though they may not enjoy its pleasures and luxuries and feasting. But it is safe to say that among the many who are engaged in the professions and even in business, Christmas is only significant because of the labor of sending off presents. Otherwise it isn't to them much different from any other day. The pace we are living is a Christmas pace. With those who can easily afford it and those who will go in "hock" to make it so, every day is Christmas—consequently the real Christmas means little to them. They eat no better, drink no better, and have no better presents Christmas than on any other day. And that's why so many remark that "Christmas isn't like it used to be." Their Christmas gifts and Christmas cheer are anticipated by their own purchases and Yuletide brings no novelties for them.

OBSERVER.

HOW ABOUT THE COMMISSIONERS?

East St. Louis, Dec. 21, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

It strikes me there's a whole lot of unnecessary loud talk about policemen, detectives in particular, getting rich by "grafting." Perhaps it's true, but why not make some inquiries to ascertain if the Police Commissioners have been receiving any "presents." It has almost amounted to a custom when new Police Commissioners had been installed, and made familiar with the ropes, for them soon to appear adorned with diamond stickpins, or studs, or cuff buttons, a watch or fob, or maybe, if they took a fancy to the "Police Department's unclaimed property" (a stock of articles, by the way, of too great value to be in the control of a person who makes no report of the property in his possession until a sale is ordered.) It may be that the members of this Board wouldn't accept any such favors, but as the investigation "bug" is buzzing all about them, it wouldn't injure their dignity to look right hard at their jewelry and then ask 'em about Chief Desmond's strong box which contains varieties of valuable jewelry more than some jewel-

ry stores carry. Mebbe that's the secret of "Billy's" grip on his job.

E. X. SCOPPER.

HERE'S A POSER.

St. Louis, Mo., December 20th, '05.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

What book shall I read to give me the widest variety of human nature? An answer will oblige, JAMES D. B. [Try the City Directory.—ED. MIRROR.]

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Music

Evolution of the Studio Building.

The evolution of the Music Studio Building in St. Louis will be complete on January first, on which date the building erected by Mr. G. Rosenberg on the corner of Boyle avenue and Olive street will be turned over to some thirty or thirty-five music teachers to be used for studios. The Studio building scheme had its inception about twelve or fourteen years ago, when a small coterie of teachers consisting of the late Mrs. Broadus, Miss Mahan and the Messrs. Kroeger, Stille and Wegman, leased the upper floors of the building on the northeast corner of Grand avenue and Olive street. This banding together of teachers resulted, after a year or two, in "The Conservatorium," at 3631 Olive street, and this in time proving inadequate to the demand for studios, a floor of the Odeon building was designed to accommodate music teachers. However, the sale of The Odeon and consequent change of policy in the management, made a building devoted exclusively to music much to be desired, and this want has now been met by Mr. Rosenberg.

The new structure is handsome and substantial, and admirably designed for teaching purposes. The rooms are large, with high ceilings, and the walls have been made, as nearly as practicable, sound-proof. A fine recital hall, seating about 600 hundred people, is an attractive feature.

Several schools, including "The Kroeger School of Music," "The Hughey School of Music," "The Lichtenstein Violin School," and "The Wegman School of Music," will be located in the building. The list of vocal teachers occupying studios includes Mme. Runge-Jancke, Mrs. Frances Elder, Mme. Downing-Macklin, Mme. Vetta-Karst, Mrs. Hall, Miss Dudley, Miss Pierson, Mr. Towers, Mr. Elder, Mr. Hall, Mr. Sheffield, Mr. Dibble and Mr. Geer. Of teachers of piano, and of violin, are included in the directory Miss Clara Meyer, Miss Gray, Miss Norden, Miss Kroeger, Miss Pettengill, Miss McLagan, Mrs. Webster, Mr. Lieber, Mr. Schoen Mr. Sacks, Mr. Maginn, Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Walker.

\*\*\*

"The Natural Singing Voice," by Mme. Pernet McCarty, on sale at Roeder's, 616 Locust.

\*\*\*

In the January *McClure's* Henry Beech Needham writes entertainingly of Theodore Roosevelt and his love of outdoor life: George Randolph Chester has a clever love story, "Quarantined Rivals;" Lincoln Steffens' political tale, "A Servant of God and the People," and in addition there are a number of other good short stories and a poem, "Auld Times," by Moera O'Neill. The Carl Schurz reminiscences are also continued in this number.

\*\*\*

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**Parker's HEADACHE POWDERS**  
CURE HEADACHE 10¢

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THIS WEEK

**HUMPTY DUMPTY**

A Vast Wonderland of Frolic, Fantasy, Mirth, Melody, and Magnificence.

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Charles Frohman

PRESENTS

**SAM BERNARD**

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THE ROLLICKING GIRL

Seats Thursday

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK

WM. A. BRADY'S

Special Production

**WAY DOWN EAST**

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WILTON LACKAYE

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Massive Production **THE PIT**

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New Year's Day.

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Beginning New Year's Day  
The Distinguished Artist **BERTHA KALICH** Her first appearance here as an English Speaking Star, in "MONNA VANNA"  
Seat Sale Thursday, December 28.—Regular Prices.

**IMPERIAL** Temptation Prices 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c

Matinee every week day, 25c.

The Big Scenic Production

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New Year's Week—Joseph Santley in "A RUNAWAY BOY"

**GRAND** Matinees Wednesday & Saturday, 25c and 50c

Night Prices. 25, 35, 50, 75, \$1.00

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**BUSY IZZY'S VACATION**

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The World's Greatest Magician—KELLAR.

**GAYETY** 14th and Locust Sts  
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**CLARK'S RUNAWAY GIRLS**

Next Week—VANITY FAIR.

**STANDARD**

THIS WEEK

**TIGER LILIES**

NEXT WEEK

**UTOPIAN BURLESQUERS**

## The Bensonizer

Treatment is opposed to drugging the stomach, because throat, bronchial or lung trouble, cannot be cured in that way. Treatment must be applied direct to the affected parts. *The Bensonizer* is doing wonderful work every day. Call at the office and read the letters from persons who have been cured. *Seeing is believing.* *The Bensonizer* is strictly a home treatment for

**Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and Consumption**

Do not despair because other remedies have failed. *The Bensonizer* has cured scores of chronic cases—why not yours? All we ask is an investigation. Call and receive free examination and trial treatment, or write for our 64-page, illustrated book, free on request. You can be cured in your own home.

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### The Stock Market

A gigantesque traction "deal" is announced from New York. The Interborough Company has absorbed all the surface, elevated and subway lines. This news was the cause of the late sensational gains made in the prices of street railway shares quoted on the New York stock exchange. Metropolitan has risen to 130, Brooklyn Rapid Transit to 91, Manhattan to 163¾. The first-named made the most emphatic response to the exciting news. It advanced about thirteen points in the past ten days. The Belmont clique now being in complete control of New York's traction system, discussion is rife as to the fashion in which the "deal" will be financed. There will, no doubt, be another capital readjustment, sooner or later. The Metropolitan surely must be in sore need of another overhauling of its finances. The seven per cent dividend, paid on the stock of this company, is not being earned, in fact, it has not been earned for several years. The concern has trouble to meet its fixed charges.

The new amalgamation will certainly hide a multitude of sins of omission and commission. Whenever the Metropolitan is in serious financial trouble, another "deal" is on tap. The best properties in the new combine are the Manhattan and the Subway. These two will have to make up the deficiencies accruing in the annual budgets of the other properties. The amalgamation may be a good thing—for the stock-jobbers. Whether it will prove the same to shareholders is something beneath Wall street's consideration at this particular juncture. Belmont's latest cannot be regarded as sound finance. However, it helped the general market at a critical time, and served to rally the wavering lines of over-excited bulls.

Fierce shrieks of disappointed rage may be heard on State street, in Boston these cheerful Christmas days. The howling dervish is again making the welkin ring with voluminous denunciations of the greed, fraud and unrighteousness of Wall street's "system." Poor "Tom" has at last been caught in a bad trap. He and his many hundreds of dupes throughout the country had to pocket a little loss of about \$5,000,000 on their "Amalgamated" bear operations. Lawson's robustious promises and honeyed words of solicitation have turned to gall and wormwood. Amalgamated Copper went up at a lively pace, in spite of all the efforts and pamphleteering of "honest Tom." Good trade conditions and a revived appetite for copper shares knocked all the bear talk into a cocked hat. Lawson evidently has *ausgespielt*, as a speculative prophet. He still assures us vehemently that this bull market will go to smash, some day, but we all know that as well as he. Bull and bear markets come and go.

The Tennessee Coal and Iron has once more changed hands. Gates and his gang have secured a majority of the stock. The new directorate reflects the change. The "street" is now wondering what's going to happen next in Tennessee C. & I. The shares advanced about sixty points in recent times. They are now quoted at 136. This is a pretty stiff price for a four per cent stock. But dividends "cut no ice" in stock-jobbing tactics. According to the latest popular philosophy in Wall street, the less a stock pays, the more it's worth. United States Steel preferred pays 7 per cent and is quoted at about 105. Why this big difference in quoted value? Why, don't you see that it takes quite a little effort and money to manipulate and swing a stock of which hundreds of million dollars' worth is outstanding? There's too much United States Steel to go round, whereas Tennessee Coal & Iron

may easily be "cornered." No confirmation can be had of late rumors of a merger of the Southern iron properties.

Markets abroad are still in a badly agitated state. Russian bonds, Consols, "Kaffirs" and copper shares are all sliding down. The liquidation in Russian bonds is continuous and urgent. Paris is alarmed over the sinister news from St. Petersburg. Berlin secured some gold from London in the past week, and the Imperial Bank of Russia continues to remit gold to Continental points. The latter feature of present-day finance presents a double aspect for consideration. It's both favorable and unfavorable. The Russian Government is anxious to protect its interest coupons soon to fall due. The gold withdrawn from the Russian bank helps other markets, but, at the same time, it makes Russia's own financial position more problematic than ever. Russia's currency is gravely disordered. A breakdown in quotations for roubles would make a bad situation still worse. This Russian financial *impasse* is enough to worry the life out of a large number of European banks and investors.

The Bank of England reported a proportion of reserve to liability, last week, of only 36 per cent, the lowest for this season since 1882. *Absit omen*: The official discount rate remains unchanged, however, at 4 per cent, while Berlin manages to scratch along on a stiff 6 per cent rate. Gold is still being withdrawn for Argentina. The announcement that the new British Liberal Cabinet had decided to stop the importation of Chinese coolies labor into South Africa has produced a weakening effect on Rand mining shares, it being feared that this changed attitude on the part of the Home Government might result in a curtailment of the gold output. This fear would appear exaggerated from this distance, as there are already more than fifty thousand coolies employed in the Transvaal mines.

Mr. Kilburn, New York's superintendent of banks, has asked the trust companies to make their reports on January 1st. This naive request caused considerable amusement in Wall street. Mr. Kilburn must have a kind heart within his bosom. How considerate of him to inform the trust companies in advance of the date on which their reports will be called for! Of course, the companies won't object, and will go right ahead putting things in shape. No well-known device of "window-dressing" will be over-looked. But, in the name of honest, common sense, why didn't Mr. Kilburn withhold his notification in advance? He surely must know that the reports the institutions will submit to him will in no wise indicate their exact condition. *O sancta simplicitas!* But this simplicity may have a meaning and a cause.

Union Pacific is still in vigorous manipulative control. It touched 150 almost, the other day. "Tips" are plentiful on it. General opinion favors a further rise in these shares. The Pennsylvania and New York Central stocks are also "tipped" for a sharp bulge. Of course, it's only the gamblers who now buy stocks. The nearer we get to the end, the more violent the proceedings.

#### Local Securities.

The speculative situation in St. Louis shows little change, compared with a week ago. Some stocks are lower, others about the same. Activity was not pronounced in any quarter. Realizing sales made their appearance in bank issues. As a whole, the bull position continues strong. Stocks appear well held. This may be deceptive, however. If something were to give way in New York, there might be some heavy selling in this market. It's surprising that local investors do not pay

H. WOOD,  
President.

RICH'D B. BULLOCK,  
Vice-President.

W. E. BERGER,  
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Consolidated Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds  
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Interest payable October 1st and April 1st, at the office of the trustee, the

MISSOURI-LINCOLN TRUST CO.,  
ST. LOUIS.

Special Circular on Request.

more attention to choice bonds, which are quoted at prices decidedly attractive in some cases.

United Railways common is selling at 37½, after a rise to about 38. The stock is eagerly bought on every fractional decline. The preferred is dull, but firm, at 84½ to 84¾. The 4 per cent bonds are in better demand at 89.

Bank of Commerce has fallen back several points. It is now quoted at 348¾ bid, 355 asked. Missouri Lincoln sold at 140½ latterly. Title Guaranty firmed up again, sales being made at 69½ to 69¾. For State National 202 is bid, with none offering at this writing. Mercantile Trust is lower, being offered at 396, with no bids. There's some inquiry for Mechanics-American, which is quoted at 334 bid, with offerings very small. Third National declined at 324½ bid, 326 asked, with no transactions worth mentioning. Boatmen's advanced briskly in quotations. It is now 262½ bid, with no offerings.

A small lot of Laclede Gas ss sold at 107¾. St. Louis Brewing 6s are unchanged at 101 bid, 101¼ asked. For

A Savings Deposit-Book bearing 3 per cent interest is the most practical Christmas present. Start a friend with this good habit. Personal interviews invited. Capital, surplus and profits, \$8,500,000.00.

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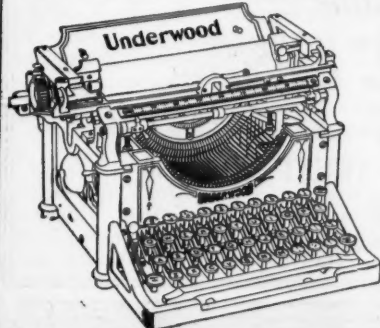
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1540 Million Bottles

Budweiser sold since 1875. This exceeds the output of all other bottled beers. There must be some reason for this popularity, and if you will taste a bottle of Budweiser you'll know for yourself.

# BUDWEISER

"KING OF BOTTLED BEERS"

Budweiser is brewed and bottled  
only at the home plant of the

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n,

St. Louis, U. S. A.

Merchants' Bridge 6s 113½ is asked, with no bids. For old Union Depot 6s 116¼ is bid.

Money rates remain firm at 5 to 6 per cent. Banks report a good country business. Drafts on New York declined sharply. They are now 25 discount bid, 20 discount asked. Sterling exchange is steady at \$4.87½. Berlin is quoted at 95.37, and Paris at 5.16¾.

### Answers to Inquiries.

X. X. X.—Would recommend holding Ontario and moderate purchases on all declines. Let Railway Steel Spring alone. You might hold your Car and Foundry common a while longer.

Speculator, New Madrid, Mo.—Yes, hold your Southern Pacific common. Believe stock is being accumulated. Diamond Match a speculative investment. Seems to be selling for all it's worth.

Subscriber, Ft. Scott, Kan.—Keep out of Colorado Fuel & Iron. A dangerous proposition. Just as likely to drop to points as to go up to any day. Pennsylvania should be held.

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### Mark Twain's Latest

The other evening, Mark Twain was a speaking guest at a dinner to Sara Bernhardt. He worked off two new ones. Thus:

Years ago, when I was living at Hartford, she played there and \$3 was the price of a ticket. A widow and her daughter, nice, cultivated people who lived next door to us, wanted to go, but didn't feel they had a right to spend \$6 for an intellectual pleasure when there were some people in the town starving. So they took the \$6 and sent it to the poor Smiths to buy bread with. The Smiths took the \$6 and bought tickets to see Sarah Bernhardt.

I want to tell you one more story, the story of the lost opportunity. Young people don't realize the full sadness of it, but who of us older people doesn't know the pathos of the lost opportunity? In the village which is a suburb of New Bedford a friend of mine took me to the dedication of a town hall and pointed out to me a bronzed, weather-beaten old man over 90 years old.

"Do you see any passion in that old man?" said he to me.

## Notice to Taxpayers

Tax bills for 1905, as well as special bills for sprinkling streets, are payable on or before December 31, 1905. Interest and penalties accrue after January 1st, according to law.

JAMES HAGERMAN, Jr.,  
Collector of Revenue.

## Works of Art

... For ...

## Holiday Gifts

## Noonan-Kocian Co.,

617 Locust Street.

Special Exhibition of Paintings by Leading  
American Artists.

"You don't; well, but I can make him a perfect volcano to you. I'll just mention to him something very casual." And he did.

Well, that old man suddenly gave vent to an outburst of profanity such as I had never heard in my life before. I listened to him with that delight with which one listens to an artist. The cause which one listens to an artist. The cause of it was this. When that old man was a young sailor he came back from a three-year cruise and found the whole town had taken the pledge. He hadn't; so he was ostracized. Finally he made up his mind he couldn't stand ostracism any longer, and he went to the secretary and said: "Put my name down

for that temperance society of yours." Next day he left on another three-year cruise. It was torture to him to watch his men drinking and he pledged not to. Finally he got home.

He got a jug of good stuff, ran to the society, and said: "Take my name right off."

"It isn't necessary," said the secretary, "you were blackballed."

Now, Both American and European.

## The Hamilton

Rooms Single or En Suite with Bath.  
Hamilton and Maple—Olive or Suburban Cars.



THE MIRROR

# OTTO F. STIFEL'S

UNION BREWERY

WILL SERVE ON

NEW YEAR'S DAY

IT'S SPECIAL BREW

BUERGER BRAEU



On January 5th, 1906

## And Every Friday Thereafter, The HAVANA LIMITED

A Pullman train of dining car, club car with smoking room, barber shop and bath room, with barber and valet in attendance; stateroom, drawing room and observation sleeping cars, will leave St. Louis at 9:40 p. m. and arrive at the steamship docks at Mobile at 3 p. m. the following day. On arrival of the Havana Limited at Mobile, the palatial nineteen knot, twin screw S. S. "Prince George" will sail and pass into the harbor of Havana at Sunrise the following Monday.

Returning, the S. S. "Prince George" will sail from Havana at 5 p. m. every Wednesday, arriving at Mobile shortly after daylight Fridays, and the Havana Limited will leave the steamship dock at Mobile at 9 a. m. and arrive at St. Louis the following morning.

The S. S. "Mobila" has been remodeled and now has excellent passenger accommodations. The S. S. "Mobila" sails from Mobile now at 10 a. m. on Tuesdays and her schedule will not be interfered with by the inauguration of the S. S. "Prince George."

Jno. M. Beall, General Passenger Agent,  
ST. LOUIS.



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ALWAYS EQUALLY LOW RATES  
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## No Holiday Present Fitter Than a Beautiful Book

What the Press Reviewers of the Country Think of

# Sonnets to a Wife

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

It is refreshing in this stage of eroticism and exuberance to find such sonnets so delightful every way, so full of the glorification of good women. The verse has no cant in it nor coarseness. It is free alike from the overly-saintly and the crudely sensual. It is wholesome and inspiring, passionate, yet reverent, vigorous yet tender. No finer sonnets have come from any pen in many years. It should be counted a high privilege to have the volume in the home and heart.—Columbia (Mo.) Herald.

"Ernest McGaffey, the Chicago poet, has been having the honor of dining with the President." And the President probably had the honor of telling the poet that he has given to the world some sweet and noble things in his "Sonnets to a Wife."—Chicago Evening Post.

"The ruddy glow of a rare old vintage beams and sparkles a thousand-fold more alluring, through the facets of a cut glass decanter. In this wise has Mr. McGaffey clothed in exquisite sonnet form the fire and passion of man's love for woman, sublimated by that intimate spiritual relationship that gives to true marital love the attributes of divinity."—Galveston News.

"No prettier holiday gift can be made to one's wife than this collection of sonnets addressed by a poet-husband to his heart's beloved. They should be read aloud after the children have retired, and the care of the day forgotten, while husband and wife sit about the open hearth for an hour's mutual enjoyment in companionship? Who knows? In contemplating the love passages of the poet one's own altar may be resanctified and made more enduring."—Los Angeles Express.

"They are an exposition of modern love, chastely and delicately expressed, wherein the idealization of a woman is portrayed without any departure from the balancing influence of American common sense."—Chicago Post.

"There is not in all the huge range of English literature anything comparable to this volume, because nothing in English literature is like it. Other men have written sonnets to a mistress's eyebrows, to the sun, moon and stars, to most animate and inanimate objects, but not one of them has produced a series of 'Sonnets to a Wife.' It is a distinct monumental work, quite the most important contribution to American poetry within the last twenty-five years. The world will be better for it, and against the black background of latter-day eroticism it shows whitely like a star."—H. N. Canfield.

"Mr McGaffey sings smoothly of that enduring affection which helps man and wife to enjoy their little shares of pleasures, and to endure their bigger share of mishaps. He preaches a wee bit now and then; but his sermons are far from strenuous, and his view of life is winning, by reason of its very simplicity. In his opinion, a woman's whole horizon is bounded by

"The man she loves and all he means to her."

and, if he speaks from experience, he is much to be congratulated."—Agnes Repplier, in the Saturday Evening Post.

But McGaffey is a poet in that he is worldly wise. The poetic lens through which he sees double and treble and quadruple does not distort the accuracy of his vision. How true, for instance, is this thought, thought by ten thousand men, and taking this sweet, simple form in the music of this songster:

"A woman is as cultured as she looks,  
Speaks, acts and smiles, and merely  
bookish rules  
She may well scorn, as being clumsy  
tools  
With which dull fishers file their rusty  
hooks."

Notice one thing as you read these lines. Behind their general truth is the well defined picture of some one who illustrates it. Is it not so, merry harlequins?—New Orleans Harlequin.

This poetry of McGaffey's is true. More, it is sweet and pure and wholesome and strong—as sweet as the breath of the roses which comes to us on the breeze of spring-time, as sweet as the lovelight in one's loved one's eyes; as pure as the new born babe, or the fresh bloomed flower; as wholesome as mountain air, and as strong as all the resistless powers of an unhindered Niagara. The language of the sonnets is simple, and perhaps, this adds to their strength. However that may be, the poems are always understandable. They are subtle at times, deeply so; and yet there is an undefinable something about them that makes easy of comprehension this subtlety. The poems are as beautiful as they are simple, and as chaste as they are beautiful. They defy the love for a good woman of a good man, who is also a poet. There are no wild bursts of passion, no burning sensuality. The love that these sonnets glorify is sane. It is all that it should be, all that God intended it to be when he made woman to be the companion of man. The man and woman of the sonnets are companions, in every sense of the word. Each is the complement of the other. They are to each other the things that make a heaven of earth, and in the doing thereof strengthen the belief of those who dwell in it in God's heaven beyond the sky. They do not seek to ignore the purely material side of married life. They show this phase in the degree that it is needed to make married life ideal. There may be some faults to be found in them from a purely technical standpoint, but one who could think of these flaws after reading the sonnets and absorbing the clean, healthful and beautiful atmosphere which surrounds them, would indeed be hypercritical."—Houston Daily Post.

"There is real poetry in these sonnets, too; let no one imagine they are simply verse. By them, Mr. McGaffey, has advanced himself to a rank few writers dare to hold in this country. The faintness of them appeals to one first, and then, the deep note of sincerity is impressed upon the reader. One has but to read them to feel sure of ranging over the chords of a heart that loves, and from it is drawing the sweetest melody of which man is capable—the adoration of the woman he holds dearest and best on earth."—Kansas City Journal.

"The restfulness of love, the strength in comradeship, the deepening of trust, the gathering delight of common recollections, the grace of remembered days and kisses, the thrill of united hopes—all this, as it becomes conscious of itself, its wonder and glory—this is what these sonnets sing. The experience of life may have been commonplace—all the more are they human. Always indeed beneath them is the mystery of death, and around them is the sacrament of nature."—Current Literature.

"Men of letters will be struck mostly by the splendid level of charm and dignity maintained, and by the fact that Mr. McGaffey has accomplished, in the close confinement of the sonnet form, an unusual task. Students of the curious will sit agape at the fact of a man's inditing no less than seventy sonnets to his own wife. The public at large will find in all these qualities the secret of a very wide-reaching charm. It should settle the doubt Mr. Edmund Gosse once expressed as to who reads American poetry. This book is not merely American poetry. Its quality puts it upon the plane of what the Germans call Welt-Literatur."—Town Topics.

"Ernest McGaffey has published several volumes of poetry, written in divers moods, and in varied circumstances, all of which have met with popular favor, but he has never written or published anything quite so exquisite or so fascinating as his last volume, entitled 'Sonnets to a Wife.' Here he reaches his highest level in poetic power, and discloses an inspiration in the expression of all that is beautiful in nature and in love that he has not hitherto displayed."—Chicago Journal.

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